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THE LARGER
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

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and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here
used is that of the " Cambridge " Edition. In
the present issue of the " Temple Shakespeare "*
*the Editor has introduced some few textual
changes ; these have been carefully noted in
each case.*



The Chandos Portrait.

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME TWO

THE COMEDY OF
ERRORS
MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING



LOVE'S LABOUR'S
LOST
A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
J. M. DENT & CO.
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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Comedy of Errors* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure*. "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus*; the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Sereptus* of Plautus, a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (cp. Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Eroton* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi*; to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans*.

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1770.

Date of Composition. *The Comedy of Errors* is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was *played by the players*; so that night began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies of "Errors" (a "Historie of Error" was acted by the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576-7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearian plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of *internal evidence* are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III. and Henry of

Navarre, which lasted from August 1589 to July 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589-91.* This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (e.g. Act II. ii. 200, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; cp. Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 72).

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—“a farce of mistaken identity,” which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favourite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearian paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of “*Jack Juggler*” (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menæcni, a pleasant and fine conceited Comedie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English, by W. W.* (i.e. “William Warner”). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

“Two Twin-horn sons, a Sicill merchant had,
Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
The first his Father lost, a little lad,
The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th’other dwelt enriched, and him so like,
That Citizens there take him for the same:
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors*. (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt’s *Shakespeare’s Library*, Part II. vol. i.)

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner’s translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers’ Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of

* Cp. *An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare’s Plays*; H. P. Stokes, pp. 16-20.

Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

Senex. What is the matter?

Mulier. He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act II. i. 100:—

Adriana.

He breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of “error” in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner’s version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the *Amphitruo* of Plautus; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcmena, the real Amphitruo’s wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare’s own device; and all the pathos of the play is his: there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon’s touching story at the opening of the play,—in Plautus, the father of the twins is already dead, and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

The Unities. In spite, however, of this romanticising of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, “the necessary companions,” according to Academic criticism, “of all corporal actions.” From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents; it carried the warfare into the enemy’s camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonising Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin brothers and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and attendants*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *on the two Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*

PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;
I am not partial to infringe our laws :
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 10
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs ;
Again : if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort : when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy ; our wealth increased 40
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became 50
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return : 60
Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced, 70
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none :
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other :
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us ; 90
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off so ;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us ! 100
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind ; 110
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother : and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him : 130
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can. 150
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The Mart.

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and
First Merchant.*

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself, 30
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell ;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ; 50
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir : tell me this, I pray :
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ?
The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust 60
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
I from my mistress come to you in post ;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season ;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ? 70

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me !

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner :

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed : 80
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders ;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix ;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold your hands !

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage ;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave :
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :
A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master ; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come : if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ? 10

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls :
Men more divine, the masters of all these, 20
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where? 30

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my
two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his
mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his 50
meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I
could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain !

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ;

But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner, 60

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :

'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he :

' Your meat doth burn,' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he :

. ' Will you come home ? ' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he,

' Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ? '

' The pig,' quoth I, ' is burn'd ; ' ' My gold ! ' quoth he :

' My mistress, sir,' quoth I ; ' Hang up thy mistress !

I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress ! '

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master : 70

' I know,' quoth he, ' no house, no wife, no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating :

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it : 90
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard :
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault ; he's master of my state :
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair :
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy ! fie, beat it hence !

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere ;
Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain ;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty ; yet the gold bides still, 110
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold : and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. [Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 30
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batter-
ing, I had rather have it a head: an you use these
blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit
in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I
beaten? 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, where-
fore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you. 50

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it. 60

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself. 70

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit. 80

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason ? 90

Dro. S. For two ; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is 100 no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir ; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion :
But, soft ! who wafts us yonder ? 110

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown :
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects ;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself? 121
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear selfs better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too. 130

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it. 140

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk ; 150
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother ! how the world is changed with you !

When were you wont to use my sister thus ?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio ?

Dro. S. By me ?

Adr. By thee ; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

Dro. S. I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names ?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, 170
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion 180
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for her theme :
What, was I married to her in my dream ?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land : O spite of spites ! 190
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites :
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I ?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass. 200

Dro. S. 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, 210
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate. 219

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo,
and Balthazar.*

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down;
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house. 9
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar : pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome
here. 20

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common : that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common ; for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest :
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft ! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn !

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,
patch ! 32

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many ? Go get thee from the
door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays
in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest
he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll
tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined
to-day. 40

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come
again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house
I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my
name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and
my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are
those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! 50

Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's,—
When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought
and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something : I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break
your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir ; and
words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not
behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking : out
upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee !' I pray thee,
let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in : go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather ? Master, mean you so ?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
feather :

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone ; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir : O, let it not be so !

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be ruled by me : depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ;

And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle: 110
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*The same.**Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know
not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not

Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,
Smoother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know 41

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe :

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears :

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think 50

He gains by death that hath such means to die :

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No ; 60

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir ! hold you still :
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.* 70

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ! where runn'st thou
so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am I
your man ? am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art
thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides
myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man ? and how besides thyself ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a 80
woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to
your horse ; and she would have me as a beast :

not that, I being a beast, she would have me ;
but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays
claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ?

Dro. S. A very reverent body ; ay, such a one as a 90
man may not speak of, without he say Sir-
reverence. I have but lean luck in the match,
and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all
grease ; and I know not what use to put her to,
but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by
her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the
tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if
she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer 100
than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing
like so clean kept : for why she sweats ; a man
may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not
do it.

Ant. S. What's her name ?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ; but her name and three quarters, 110
that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure
her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip
to hip : she is spherical, like a globe ; I could
find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks : I found it out
by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland ? 120

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness ; hard in the palm
of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France ?

Dro. S. In her forehead ; armed and reverted, making
war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England ?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find
no whiteness in them ; but I guess it stood in her
chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France
and it. 130

Ant. S. Where Spain ?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her
breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies ?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished
with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain ;
who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be
ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands ? 140

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To
conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to
me ; called me Dromio ; swore I was assured
to her ; told me what privy marks I had about
me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in
my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that
I, amazed, ran from her as a witch :
And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and
made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road : 150

An if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night :

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,

'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. 160

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself :

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir : lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine : 170

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir : I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more. 180

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 10
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus
from the courtesan's.*

Off. That labour may you save : see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end : that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day.

But, soft ! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone ;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year : I buy a rope.

[*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you :

I promised your presence and the chain ;

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

Belike you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30

Than I stand debted to this gentleman :

I pray you, see him presently discharged,

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;

Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :

Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain :
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord ! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me ;—the chain !

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no : 60
If not I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none : you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir : you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.

80

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame ; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind

90

Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ! a madman ! Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon :

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,

100

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it :
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave, be gone !
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband : 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest ? yea or no ?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none ; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet foresworn he were. 10

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; 20
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast. 30

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls to
hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter : he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well ;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can
I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder
at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ; 50
A chain, a chain ! Do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : 'tis time that I were gone :
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes ; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back
for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou
reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's
worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day ? 60
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister : I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me ; some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here. 10

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? what Adam dost thou mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes in
the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal ;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ? why, 'tis a plain case : he that went,
like a base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man,

sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench:
and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;' that's as much to say, 'God make

me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat ; or 60
bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 70

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise : an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain :

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. ' Fly pride,' says the peacock : mistress, that you know. [Exeunt *Ant. S.* and *Dro. S.* 80

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain :
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 90
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose ;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Scene IV.

*A street.**Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.*

Ant. E. Fear me not, man ; I will not break away :
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir ! have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

Ant. E. But where's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir ; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in 20
adversity

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might
not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and
so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by
my long ears. I have served him from the hour 30
of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing
at his hands for my service but blows. When
I am cold, he heats me with beating ; when I
am warm, he cools me with beating : I am
waked with it when I sleep ; raised with it
when I sit ; driven out of doors with it when I
go from home ; welcomed home with it when
I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a
beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he 40
hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to
door.

Ant. E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end ;
or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware
the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk ? *[Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now ? is not your husband mad ?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ; 50

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[Striking him.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight :

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven ! 60

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home ;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders and this open shame ! 70

Ant. E. Dined at home ! Thou villain, what sayest thou ?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out ?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me ?

Dro. E. Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity you did ; my bones bear witness, 80
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame : the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ! heart and good-will you might ;

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ? 90

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks :

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day ?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold ;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome object scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him ! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company ! The fiend is strong within him. 110

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[They offer to bind Dro. E.]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner : if I let him go, 120
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee :

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad, 130
good master : cry, The devil !

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*]

Say now ; whose suit is he arrested at ?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith : do you know him ?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes ?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due ?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day 140

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is :

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn,
and Dromio of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away ! they'll kill us. 150

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely
do us no harm : you saw they speak us fair, give
us gold : methinks they are such a gentle nation,
that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims

marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay
here still, and turn witch. 160

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck, 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him ;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly :
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day :

This chain you had of me ; can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think I had ; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it ?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou livest

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30

Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away :

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a house !

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd !

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was ;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea ?
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye 50
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too. 60

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company I often glanced it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings :
Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ; 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?
In food, and sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither : he took his place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself ; 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again :
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here :

And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart : thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go : I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his Grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :

Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120

The place of death and sorry execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come : we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke, attended ; Ægeon bareheaded ; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

130

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die ; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady :

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
That desperately he hurried through the street,— 140
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly went on us,
Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him ont,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars ; 161
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, 170
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while,
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress; upon my life, I tell you true; 180
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with
halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee, 191
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there !
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury : 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault ! Say, woman, didst thou so ?

Adr. No, my good lord : myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal !

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, 210
But she tells to your Highness simple truth !

Ang. O perjured woman ! They are both forsworn :
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say ;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then ; 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him : in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230

I did obey ; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble
more

Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, 240
A living dead man : this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together ;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250
Ran hither to your Grace ; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him, 260
After you first forswore it on the mart :
And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls ;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven !
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
If here you housed him, here he would have been ;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
You say he dined at home ; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege ; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad. 281

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word :

Haply I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?

And is not that your bondman, Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound. 290

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Æge. Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ? 300

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not ; and what-
soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe
him.

Æge. Not know my voice ! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares ? 310
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted : but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so :
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. 330
[*All gather to see them.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio : command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty. 340
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons :
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia :
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ; 350
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell ;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children, 360
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first ?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband ? 370

Ant. E. No ; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I ; yet did she call me so :

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told
you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;

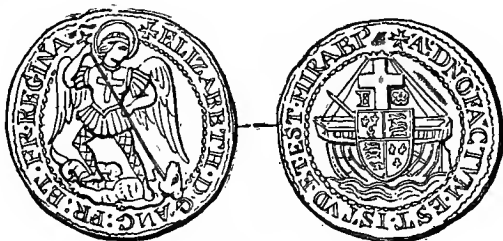
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Glossary.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.
Albeit, although; V. i. 217.
Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.
Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.
Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 39.

Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.
Beads, rosary; II. ii. 189.
Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.
Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.
Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.
Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.

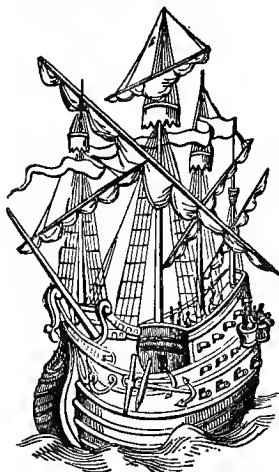


From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.
Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 138.
A-row, in a row, one after another, V. i. 170.
Assured, affianced; III. ii. 143.
Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.
Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.
Austerely, seriously; IV. ii. 2.
Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.
Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 139.

Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.
Bestrid; "b. thee," i.e. "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.
Board, table; III. ii. 18.
Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.
By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 138.



From an engraving in Halliwell's Folio Edition.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.



From a Sixteenth Century Venetian specimen.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing; III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 119.

Case; "an action upon the case is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Gates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as might aggravate his malignant humours"; II. ii. 62.

Circumstance, detail; V. i. 16.

Claim; "my heaven's claim," i.e. "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 134.

Coil, ado; III. i. 48.

Coldly, coolly; V. i. 272.

Common; "make a c. of," i.e. "use as a play-ground"; II. ii. 29.

Compact of, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.

Companion (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.

Confiscate, confiscated; I. i. 21.
Confounds, destroys; I. ii. 38.
Confusion, ruin; II. ii. 181.
Consort, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.
Countermands, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.
Cozenage, cheating; I. ii. 97.
Credit, credulity; III. ii. 22.
Curtal, having a docked tail; III. ii. 148 (*cp.* "turn i' the wheel").
Customers (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.
Cuts; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts" = "to draw lots"; V. i. 422.
Dankish, dampish; V. i. 247.
Deadly, deathly; IV. iv. 96.
Death; "the death," *i.e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.
Debted, indebted; IV. i. 31.
Deciphers, distinguishes; V. i. 334.
Decline, incline; III. ii. 44.
Declining, inclining; III. ii. 136.
Defeatures, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.
Deformed, deforming; V. i. 298.
Demean, conduct; IV. iii. 82.
Denied (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.
Despite of; "in d. of mirth," *i.e.* "though I feel spiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.
Detain, withhold; II. i. 107.
Dilate, narrate; I. i. 123.
Disannul, annul; I. i. 145.
Discharged, paid; IV. i. 32.
Dispense with, put up with; II. i. 103.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 21.
Disposed, disposed of; I. ii. 73.
Distain'd, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 147.
Distemperatures, distempers; V. i. 82.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 41.
Diviner, sorceress; III. ii. 142.

Dowdsabel, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.
Draws dry-foot, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.
Dry, hard, severe; II. ii. 63.
Durance; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 26.
Earnest, used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.
Ecstasy, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.
Everlasting garment, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,— "a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.
Excrement, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.
Exempt, separated; II. ii. 172.
Fair, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.
Faith; "breast . . . of faith"; ("flint" has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power); III. ii. 148.
Fall, let fall; II. ii. 127.
Faking, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.
Fine and recovery, a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 74.
Finger, "to put the f. in the eye," *i.e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 205.
Fly pride, "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 80.
Folded, concealed; III. ii. 36.

Fond, doting; II. i. 116.
Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.
Fool-begg'd, foolishly begged or demanded; II. i. 41.
Formal, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.
Forsware, "forsook to have," i.e. "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.
Forth, "to find f." i.e. "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 211.
For why, because; III. ii. 104.
Fraughtage, freight; IV. i. 87.
Genius, attendant spirit; V. i. 332.
Get within, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.
Gillian=Juliana; III. i. 31.
Ginn=Jenny; III. i. 31.
Good now=good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.
Gossip, make merry; V. i. 407.
Gossiping, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.
Gossips, sponsors; V. i. 405.
Grain, "in grain," i.e. "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 107.
Grained, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.
Growing, accruing; IV. i. 8.
Guilders, Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.
Harlots, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.
Hatch, half-door, wicket; III. i. 33.
Healthful, full of safety; I. i. 115.
Heart's meteors, "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.
Heir (with a play upon hair, cf. Preface); III. ii. 125.

Hell, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.
Helpers, unavailing; II. i. 39.
Hit, its; II. i. 110.
Hit of, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.
Help, helped; IV. i. 22.
Horn-mad, "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
Host, "lay at h. in," i.e. "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
Host, lodge; I. ii. 9.
Hoy, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 39.
Impeach, impeachment; V. i. 269.
Important, importunate; V. i. 138.
Instance, indication; I. i. 65.
Intestine, internal; I. i. 11.
Jest upon, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
Judgement, "before the J." there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne process*; IV. ii. 40.
Kitchen'd, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.
Lapland; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (cf. Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
Lash'd, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
Lets, hinders; II. i. 105.
Liberties, libertinisms, "l. of sin," i.e. "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
Light, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 51.
Limbo, a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"; IV. ii. 32.
Love-springs, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.

Mace, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 28.
Made, barred; III. i. 93.

Making, outward form; IV. ii. 22.

Malt-horse, a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.

Mated, used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.

Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 45.

Mickle, much; III. i. 45.

Minion, favourite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 63; *pl.* II. i. 87.

Mome, buffoon; III. i. 32.

Mood, anger; II. ii. 171.

Morris-pike, a Moorish pike; IV. iii. 28.

Mortal, deadly; I. i. 11.

Motions, proposals; I. i. 60.

Mountebanks, "prating m."; I. ii. 101; *cp.* the following woodcut:—

Nicks, "n. him like a fool," alluding to the old custom of shaving, nicking, or notching the head of a professional buffoon; V. i. 175.



Duke of Suffolk's fool (*temp.* Henry VIII.). From Brydges's *Memoirs of the Peers of England*.

O'er-raught, overcalled, cheated; I. ii. 96.



From an early black-letter ballad in the collection of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq.

Moves, appeals to; II. ii. 182.

Nature, natural affection; I. i. 35.

New-apparelled (*vide* Notes); IV. iii. 14.

Of, out of, from; I. i. 131; "wreck of sea" (so first Folio, the rest "at sea")=off, out at sea; V. i. 49.

On, "on night," *i.e.* "a night"; V. i. 210.

Once this; "so much is certain";
III. i. 89.

Order, measures; V. i. 146.

Other, "no other cause," *i.e.* "no cause to be otherwise"; II. i. 33.

Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.

Parcel, part; V. i. 106.

Part, depart; III. i. 67.

Partial, "I am not p. to infringe,"
i.e. "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.

Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.

Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.

Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.

Pecvish, foolish; IV. i. 93.

Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.

Perdie, *par dieu*! IV. iv. 74.

Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 94.

Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.

Plainings, wallings; I. i. 73.

Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.

Porpertine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.



From a leaden token in the collection of the late C. Roach Smith, Esq.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.

Post, used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.

Presently, immediately; III. ii. 150.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 89.

Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 27.

Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 124.

Road, harbour; III. ii. 150.

Round, used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.

Runs counter, follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.

Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.

Season, opportunity; "to s." = "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.

Semblance, (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.

Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive"); IV. iv. 28.

Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.

Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

Shrive, call to confession; II. ii. 209.

Sinking-ripe, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.

Sir-reverence, a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa' reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ*; *save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 91.

Sob (first folio reads "fob," *i.e.* sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.

Soon, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," *i.e.* "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.

Soothe, humour; IV. iv. 82.

Sorry, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.

Sot, dolt; II. ii. 195.

Sour (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.

Spite, vexation; IV. ii. 8.

Spoon-meat (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"); IV. iii. 60.

Stale, "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.

Stands upon, concerns; IV. i. 68.

Stigmatical, marked or stigmatised with deformity; IV. ii. 22.

Stomach, appetite; I. ii. 49.

Stray'd, caused to stray; V. i. 51.

Strong; "s. escape," i.e. "escape effected by strength, or violence"; V. i. 148.

Strumpeted, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 145.

Stuff, baggage; IV. iv. 153.

Supposed, conjectured; III. i. 101.

Suspect, suspicion; III. i. 87.

Sympathized, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.

Take; "t. a house," i.e. "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.

Tartar, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.

Tilting, v. *Heart's Meteors*.

Timely, speedy; I. i. 139.

Tiring, attiring; II. ii. 98.

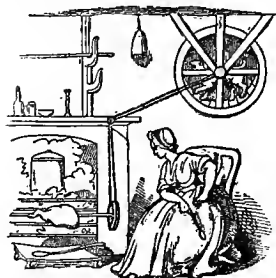
To, of; III. ii. 168.

Took on him as, pretended to be; V. i. 242.

Train, entice; III. ii. 45.

Turn i' the wheel; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the

feat more cunningly." (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts*, 1607); III. ii. 149.



From a representation taken by Wigstead from an inn in Wales, at the close of the last century.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" = "stand under"); II. i. 49.

Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.

Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 127.

Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.

Villain (used good-humouredly); I. ii. 19.

Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.

Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 110.

Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 100.

Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 214.

When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.

When as, whenas, i.e. when; IV. iv. 140.

Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.

Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.

Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Notes.

I. i. 55. 'meaner,' S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1 'meane,' Folio 2 'poor meane.'

I. i. 79. 'The latter-born;' line 125 below seems to imply that this should be 'elder-born,' a change adopted by Rowe; but probably 'the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship.'

I. ii. 41. 'The almanac of my true date,' because both were born in the same hour.

I. ii. 64. 'I shall be post indeed;' a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were scored, or marked with chalk or notches.

I. ii. 66. 'Clock;' Pope's emendation for 'cook,' the reading of the Folios.

II. i. 109-113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

*'I see the Jewell best enameled
Will loose his lustre; yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,' &c.*

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i.e.* assaying) will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. 'Wherefore,' says Adriana, 'since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away,' &c.

II. ii. 89. '*Jollity*;' Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for '*policy*,' and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors.

II. ii. 119. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee*; others propose the omission of *to thee*; neither change seems desirable.

II. ii. 147. '*I live distain'd, thou undishonoured*;' so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed '*I live distained, thou dishonoured*.' The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, 'I live distained (*i.e.* stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonoured, however false you may be.'

II. ii. 186. '*this sure uncertainty*,' *i.e.* 'This to her surely a thing uncertain.'

II. ii. 191. The second folio reads '*and Elves Sprites*,' which Rowe altered to *Elvish sprites*, a reading adopted by most editors. Theobald proposed to change *owls* to *ouphes*.

II. ii. 195. '*thou drone*,' Theobald's emendation; Folio 1 '*thou Dromio*.'

II. ii. 200. '*'tis to an ass*'; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

III. i. 53. '*If thy name be called Luce*;' '*Luce*' = '*pike*;' there is perhaps a play upon '*pike*' in the sense of '*spear*,' *cp.* '*Shall I set in my staff?*' line 51.

III. i. 54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope*.

III. ii. 66. '*I am thee*;' this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—'*I aim thee*,' *i.e.* '*I aim at thee*;' the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.

III. ii. 124. '*armed and reverted, making war against her heir*;' Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir*, but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III. of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne" (Clarke).

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* (*cp.* Preface).

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted*, *i.e.* 'turned back,' Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of 'fallen to another proprietor.'

IV. i. 21. '*I buy a thousand pound a year*;' some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory ex-

planation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with 3 Henry VI. II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

*"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself."*

IV. ii. 35. '*A fiend, a fury*;' the Folios read '*fairy*,' corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading (*e.g. cp. Hamlet I. i. 161-163*).

IV. ii. 61. '*If Time be in debt*;' the Folios read '*If I*,' where *I* is probably an error for '*a (i.e. he)*' or *he*; the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.

IV. iii. 13. '*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?*' '*The picture of old Adam*' = the sergeant, who was clad '*in buff*;' in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of '*bare skin*,' *i.e.* '*naked*;' hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is '*got him a new suit*,' *i.e.* '*got rid of him*.' On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase '*What have you got?*' is a vulgarism for '*What have you done with?*' Theobald proposed to read '*What, have you got rid of the picture?*' &c. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase '*the picture of old Adam new-apparelled*' being an elaborate circumlocution for '*sergeant*.'

IV. iii. 58. '*We'll mend our dinner*,' *i.e.* '*we'll buy something more for our dinner*.'

IV. iv. 45. '*The prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's-end*;' the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

*"or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.
Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"*

Dyce proposed, '*or, rather, to prophecy like*,' &c.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's *Hudibras*,

*"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, but think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."*

V. i. 46. '*And much different*,' &c., the second Folio, for the sake of the metre, reads *much much*; a reading which does not commend itself; too

much has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *différent* does not occur in Shakespeare.

V. i. 66. '*Glanced it*;' Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint*, used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced*.

V. i. 79. '*But moody and dull melancholy*;' something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin*, which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman*.

V. i. 170. '*Beaten the maids*,' &c., *i.e.* *have beaten*; but the previous verb has *are*,—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.

V. i. 310. '*My feeble key of untuned cares*;' *i.e.* 'the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief.'

V. i. 388. '*These ERRORS are arose*,' so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all*, *rare*, but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.

V. i. 400. '*Thirty-three years*;' this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three*, from Act I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for 'twenty years'; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.

V. i. 401. '*Burthen ne'er*,' Dyce; Folio 1, '*burthen are*.'

V. i. 404. '*And you the calendars of their nativity*;' *i.e.* the two Dromios; *cp.* 'Here comes the almanac of my true date,' I. ii. 41.

V. i. 406. '*After so long grief, such nativity*;' the labouring line harmonises well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

'After | so long | grief, such | nativ | ity.'

There seems no reason for changing *nativity*, though Hanmer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Preface.

The Editions. A quarto edition of *Much Ado About Nothing* was published in 1600 with the following title-page:—‘*Much Adoe About Nothing as it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants Written by William Shakespeare.* London.’ (It had previously been entered on the Stationers’ Register, August 23, 1600.) No other edition is known to have been published previous to the publication of the First Folio, 1623; the play was evidently printed from a copy of a Quarto in the possession of the Theatre, or of the original MS., corrected for the purposes of the Stage. (*Cp. Facsimile Quarto Edition*, ed. by Mr Daniel.) There are many minor variations between the Quarto and the First Folio, but most of them seem due to the printer’s carelessness.

Date of Composition. As the play is not mentioned by Meres, in 1598, and was printed in 1600, it may be safely assigned to the year 1599, in support of which date the following points are noteworthy:—(1) Probable allusion in the opening scene to a circumstance attending the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland, during the summer of 1599; (2) the character of “Amorphus, or the one Deformed,” in *Cynthia’s Revels*, 1600, may be compared with “*the one Deformed, a vile thief this seven year*” (*cp.* III. iii. 133-5, 175, 178); (3) the instructions which Dogberry and Verges give to the night-watch may possibly be intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

Source of Plot. The incident of the interrupted marriage is identical with the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*,

canto v.; this had been translated into English by Beverly in 1565, and by Harrington in 1591. The story was dramatised before 1582, and was rendered into English verse by George Turberville. Later on it found a place in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book ii. Canto iv. Shakespeare may, however, have derived his story from Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. It is noteworthy that about the same time the German Dramatist, Jacob Ayrrer, founded his play *Beautiful Phenicia* upon the same tale, and the English and German plays have certain points of resemblance. Possibly they were both indebted to a lost original (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*). Dr Ward sums up the evidence as follows:—"As the date of Ayrrer's piece is not known—it may have been written before or after 1600—and as that of Shakspeare's is similarly uncertain, it is impossible to decide as to their relative priority. That, however, Ayrrer did not copy from Shakspeare seems, as Simrock points out, clear from the names of the characters in his play, which follow Bandello, while Shakspeare has changed all the names except those of Don Pedro and old Leonato."

General Characteristics. The mixture of tragedy and comedy in this play is so perfectly blended that it may well be regarded as the culminating point of Shakespeare's second period of activity, the period to which belong *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merry Wives*; the metrical tests actually place it last in this group. Beatrice and Benedick should be compared with their prototypes Rosaline and Biron, and Dogberry and his comrades should be contrasted with the earlier clowns, in order to understand the advance which this play marks in Shakespeare's career. "Perhaps," says Hazlitt, "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity."

Later Versions of the Play. Two plays were founded upon *Much Ado About Nothing*—(1) Davenant's *Law against Lovers*, which Pepys saw on Feb. 18th, 1661, and (2) *The Universal Passion*, by Rev. James Miller, 1737.

Duration of Action. For a detailed study of the "time" of the play the reader is referred to Mr Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 144. He believes that just as the Prince forgets his determination to stay "at least a month" at Messino, so the "just seven-

night" to the wedding was also either forgotten or intentionally set aside, and that only four *consecutive* days are actually included in the action of the drama—

1. Act I., and Act II. i. and ii.
2. Act II. iii., and Act III. i.-iii.
3. Act III. iv. and v. ; Act IV. ; Act V. i. ii., and part of iii.
4. Act V., part of iii., and iv.



Watchman with bill lantern, bell and dog.
(From a woodcut in Decker's *English Villanies*,
six severall Times prest to Death
by the Printers.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, *prince of Arragon.*

DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*

CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence.*

BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua.*

LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*

ANTONIO, *his brother.*

BALTHASAR, *attendant on Don Pedro.*

CONRADE, } *followers of Don John.*
BORACHIO, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, *a constable.*

VERGES, *a headborough.*

A SEXTON.

A BOY.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato*

BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero*
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *Messina.*

Much Ado about Nothing.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on 10
a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there 20
appears much joy in him; even so much, that

joy could not show itself modest enough without
a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no
faces truer than those that are so washed. How
much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at
weeping !

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from 30
the wars or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady : there was
none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and
challenged Cupid at the flight ; and my uncle's
fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid,
and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray 40
you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these
wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, in-
deed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too
much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these
wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to
eat it : he is a very valiant trencher-man ; he
hath an excellent stomach. 50

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady ; but what is he
to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick 60 and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every 70 month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a 80 voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

90

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 100

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for 110 you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? 120
Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark 130
at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your 140
tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but 150 prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you,

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.* 160

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after
her? 180

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak
you this with a sad brow? or do you play the
flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-
finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in
what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that
ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no
such matter: there's her cousin, an she were 190
not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much
in beauty as the first of May doth the last of
December. But I hope you have no intent
to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had
sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the
world one man but he will wear his cap with
suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of
threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt 200
needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the
print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look;
Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you
followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to
tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, 210
on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise. 220

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, 230
nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat 240

winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I 250
lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try: 260
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad. 270

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours.

In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair
to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him
I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath
made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such
an embassy; and so I commit you— 280

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I
had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend,
Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your
discourse is sometime guarded with fragments,
and the guards are but slightly basted on neither:
ere you flout old ends any further, examine your
conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. 290

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love: 300
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ? 311

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridgemuch broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit : 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night : 320
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then after to her father will I break ;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother ! Where is my cousin,
your son ? hath he provided this music ?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it. 10

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. 20

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest 10
thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply
a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I
cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when
I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat
when I have stomach, and wait for no man's
leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on
no man's business; laugh when I am merry,
and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of 20
this till you may do it without controlment. You
have of late stood out against your brother, and
he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where
it is impossible you should take true root but by
the fair weather that you make yourself: it is
needful that you frame the season for your own
harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a
rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to
be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to 30
rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be
said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be
denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am
trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a
clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in

my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ;
if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the
meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to
alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. 40

Who comes here ?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio ?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper : the prince
your brother is royally entertained by Leonato ; and
I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mis-
chief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths
himself to unquietness ?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ? 50

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire ! And who, and who ?
which way looks he ?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of
Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick ! How came
you to this ?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was
smoking a musty room, comes me the prince
and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference : 60
I whipt me behind the arras ; and there heard
it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero
for himself, and having obtained her, give her
to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither : this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow : if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me ?

Con. To the death, my lord.

70

D. John. Let us to the great supper : their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind ! Shall we go prove what 's to be done ?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper ?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

10

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and

money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she 's too curst. 20

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen. 30

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell. 40

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter

for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled 50
by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be 60
overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be 70
too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad

legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster,
till he sink a-pace into his grave. 80

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church
by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother : make good
room. [All put on their masks.

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John,
Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your
friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say
nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and especially
when I walk away. 90

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend the
lute should be like the case !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the
house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Drawing her aside.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me. 100

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I
have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better : the hearers may cry,
Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done ! Answer, clerk. 110

Balth. No more words : the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough ; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down : you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not. 120

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, 130 this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he ?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh ?

Bene. I pray you, what is he ?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible

slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in 140
his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool 150
will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing. 160

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her 70
to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, 180

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's 190
chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the 200 post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. 210 Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as 220 being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest. 230

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! 240
an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there 250
were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a

man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; 260
and people sin upon purpose, because they would
go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and
perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the
world's end? I will go on the slightest errand
now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send
me on ; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from
the furthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length
of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the 270
the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassy
to the Pigmies ; rather than hold three words'
conference with this harpy. You have no em-
ployment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not : I cannot
endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart
of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile ; and I 280
gave him use for it, a double heart for his single
one : marry, once before he won it of me with
false dice, therefore your grace may well say I
have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have
put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I
should prove the mother of fools. I have brought
Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are 290
you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry,
nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange,
and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be
true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his
conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in 300
thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke
with her father, and his good will obtained:
name the day of marriage, and God give thee
joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her
my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match,
and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were
but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, 310
as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself
for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his
mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak
neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps
on the windy side of care. My cousin tells
him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin. 320

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every

one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt ;
I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a
husband !

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting.
Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your
father got excellent husbands, if a maid could
come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ? 330

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for
working-days : your Grace is too costly to
wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace,
pardon me : I was born to speak all mirth and
no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be
merry best becomes you ; for, out of question,
you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then
there was a star danced, and under that was I 340
born. Cousins, God give you joy !

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told
you of ?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's
pardon. [Exit.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her,
my lord : she is never sad but when she sleeps ;
and not ever sad then ; for I have heard my
daughter say, she hath often dreamed of un- 350
happiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a
husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers
out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week
married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to
church? 360

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches
till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence
a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to
have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a
breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the
time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the
interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours;
which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the 370
Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the
one with the other. I would fain have it a
match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you
three will but minister such assistance as I shall
give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten
nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help 380
my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest
husband that I know. Thus far can I praise
him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour,
and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how

to humour your consin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, 390 Cupid is no longer an archer : his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so ; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord ; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

10

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that ?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue ? 30

D. John. Only to despise them I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then ; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone : tell them that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, —in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer 40 them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown. 50

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy !

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior ?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book : bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that ; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier ;

10
20

and now is he turned orthography ; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well ; another is wise, yet I am well ; another virtuous, yet I am well : but till all graces be in one woman, 30 one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha ! the prince and Monsieur Love ! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music ?

Claud. Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is, 40
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony !

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself ?

Claud. O, very well, my lord : the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing ;
 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
 To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
 Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come ;
 Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
 Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes ;
 There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crochets that he speaks ;
 Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air ! now is his soul ravished ! Is 60
 it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls
 out of men's bodies ? Well, a horn for my
 money, when all 's done.

The Song.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.
 Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy :
 Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith ; thou singest well enough
for a shift.

80

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled
thus, they would have hanged him : and I pray
God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had
as lief have heard the night-raven, come what
plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar ? I
pray thee, get us some excellent music ; for to-
morrow night we would have it at the Lady
Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

90

D. Pedro. Do so : farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come
hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of
to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with
Signior Benedick ?

Claud. O, ay : stalk on, stalk on ; the fowl sits. I
did never think that lady would have loved any
man.

Leon. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful that
she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom
she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever
to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to
think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged
affection ; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit ! There was never counter-

feit of passion came so near the life of passion as
she discovers it.

110

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me:
I would have thought her spirit had been in-
vincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially
against Benedick.

120

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-
bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure,
hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to
Benedick?

Leon. No; and swear she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says:
'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered
him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

130

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to
write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a
night; and there will she sit in her smock till
she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter
tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember
a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it
over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between
the sheet?

140

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence ;
railed at herself, that she should be so immodest
to write to one that she knew would flout her ;
' I measure him,' says she, ' by my own spirit ;
for I should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea,
though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,
sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ;
' O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !' 150

Leon. She doth indeed ; my daughter says so : and
the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that
my daughter is sometime afeared she will do a
desperate outrage to herself : it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by
some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end ? He would make but a sport
of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang
him. She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out 160
of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so
tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that
blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her,
as I have just cause, being her uncle and her
guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on
me : I would have daffed all other respects, and 170
made her half myself. I pray you, tell Bene-
dick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you ?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die ; for she says she will die, if he love her not ; and she will die, ere she make her love known ; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it ; for 180 the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God ! and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; 190 for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace : if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

200

Claud. Never tell him, my lord : let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible : she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready. 210

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the 220 conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to 230 mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I

will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter ? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure 240 in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour ? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day ! she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains. 250

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me : if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message ?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior : fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha ! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner ;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks 260 than you took pains to thank me ;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

*Leonato's orchard.**Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio :
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her ; say that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10
Against that power that bred it : there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office ;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick 20
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin ;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ; 40
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O god of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ; 50
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 60
But she would spell him backward ; if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit !
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with : one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong !
She cannot be so much without true judgement,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,—as to refuse 90
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam ? 100

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in :
I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you : we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears ?
Can this be true ?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu ! 110
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand :
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band ;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks. 10

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money. 20

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What ! sigh for the toothache ?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

30

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow ; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : a' brushes his hat o' mornings ; what should that bode ?

40

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ?

50

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now

crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: 60
conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one
that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite
of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old
signior, walk aside with me: I have studied
eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which 70
these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about
Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by
this played their parts with Beatrice; and then
the two bears will not bite one another when
they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with 80
you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may
hear; for what I would speak of concerns
him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I go know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter? 100

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. 110
Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess

not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have 120 seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned! 130

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name. 20

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 30

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-

houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not ?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober : if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took 50 them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peace- 60 able way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child crying in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear 70 us ?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge :—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person : if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot. 80

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own ; and good night. Come, neighbour. 90

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu : be vigilant, I beseech you.
[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade !

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace ! stir not. 100

Bora. Conrade, I say !

Con. Here, man ; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched ; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that : and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house,
for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true
drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close. 110

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a
thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible
any villany should be so rich; for when rich
villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may
make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou
knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, 120
or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool.
But seest thou not what a deformed thief this
fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a
vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down
like a gentleman: I remember his name. 130

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief
this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all
the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-
thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's
soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god
Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime

like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as 140
massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand 150
times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did 160
deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,— 180

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: 10
I'll wear none but this

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. 20

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes. 30

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune? 40

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: 50
heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume. 60

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm. 70

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; 80
nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? 90

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you ; for you see it is a busy time
with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends ?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the
matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not 10
so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were ;
but, in faith, honest as the skin between his
brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any
man living that is an old man and no honester
than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous : palabras, neighbour
Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are 20
the poor duke's officers ; but truly, for mine
own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I
could find in my heart to bestow it all of your
worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah ?

Dog. Yea, an't were a thousand pound more than
'tis ; for I hear as good exclamation on
your worship as of any man in the city ; and
though I be but a poor man, I am glad to
hear it.

30

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your
worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant
knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour! 40

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 50

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine these men. 60

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's

that shall drive some of them to a noncome :
only get the learned writer to set down our ex-
communication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A church.

*Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis,
Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and attendants.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the
plain form of marriage, and you shall recount
their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her : friar, you come to marry
her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this
count.

Hero. I do.

10

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment
why you should not be conjoined, I charge you,
on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero ?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count ?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do !
what men daily do, not knowing what they
do !

20

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night 90
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been, 100
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you
down? 110

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not? 120

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one? 130

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,

I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?

But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen 140
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh !

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly, not ; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. 150

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little ;

For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions 160
To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

Ability in means and choice of friends, 200
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead :
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed ;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this ? what will this do ? 210

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer : for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost, 220
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul, 230

Than when she lived indeed ; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy : 240
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief, 250
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented : presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd : have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged. 260

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you :
is not that strange ?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were
as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well 270
as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ;
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am
sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will
make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I
protest I love thee. 280

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me !

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was
about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha ! not for the wide world. 290

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here : there is no love
in you : nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy ? 300

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kins-
woman ? O that I were a man ! What, bear
her in hand until they come to take hands ; and
then, with public accusation, uncovered slander,
unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a
man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window ! A proper
saying ! 310

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero ! She is wronged, she is slandered,
she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties ! Surely, a princely testi-
mony, a goodly count, Count Comfekt ; a sweet
gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his
sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man
for my sake ! But manhood is melted into
courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are 320
only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he
is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie,
and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing,
therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero? 330

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 10

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.
Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God:
and write God first; for God defend but God
should go before such villains! Masters, it is
proved already that you are little better than 20
false knaves; and it will go near to be thought
so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but
I will go about with him. Come you hither,
sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you,
it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both
in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are 30
none?

Sex. Master Constable, you go not the way to
examine: you must call forth the watch that are
their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efstest way. Let the
watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in
the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the
prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this 40
is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master Constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look,
I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

50

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet! 70

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet

forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which is more, a house- 80 holder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass ! [Exeunt.]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ; 10
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem !' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man : for, brother, men 20
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give perceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure 30
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 50

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;

I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,

As, under privilege of age, to brag 60

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,

That I am forced to lay my reverence by,

And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors;

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70

Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany ?

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away ! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child :
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed : 80
But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;
Win me and wear me ; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow
me :

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue : 90
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man ! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter : 100

Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death :

But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother ; away ! I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. See, see ; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news? III

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior : you are almost come
to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest
thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should
have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I 120
came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ;
for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain
have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard : shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have

been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as
we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. 130
Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care
killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to
kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an
you charge it against me. I pray you choose
another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last
was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: 140
I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not:
I will make it good how you dare, with what you
dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will
protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet
lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let
me hear from you. 150

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good
cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a
calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not
carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.
Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit

the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 160
'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour 170 together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when 180 he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must 190 discontinue your company: your brother the

bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [Exit.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely. 200

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you 210 must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified 220

unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that 230
you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to 240
slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through 250
your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery :
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs : by this time
our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the 260
matter : and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato,
and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain ? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him : which of these is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child ?

Bora. Yea, even I alone. 270

Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou beliest thyself :
Here stand a pair of honourable men ;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death :
Record it with your high and worthy deeds :
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience ;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself ;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not 280
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I :
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live ;
That were impossible : but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died ; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, 290
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night :
To-morrow morning come you to my house ;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us :
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose 300
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white 310

and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed : they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it ; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake : pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains. 320

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship ! I wish your worship well ; God re- 330
store you to health ! I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it ! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords : we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.

We'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

Scene II.

*Leonato's garden.**Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in 20 the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. *[Exit Margaret.]*

[Sings] The god of love,
 That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good 30
swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars,
and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-
mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even
road of a blank verse, why, they were never so
truly turned over and over as my poor self in love.
Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried:
I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,'
an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard
rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme;
very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a 40
rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I
called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and
yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which
is, with knowing what hath passed between you
and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss 50
thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is
but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome;
therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right
sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell
thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;

and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 60

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 70

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. 80

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

90

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I
leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home : it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the 100
author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reading out of a scroll.]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb. 10
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered, 20
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go. 31

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

*Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret,
Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother :
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me ; one of them. 20
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince : but what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
 In the state of honourable marriage : 30
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio :

We here attend you. Are you yet determined
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother ; here 's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the
 matter. 40

That you have such a February face,
 So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man ; we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
 And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
 As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
 When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
 And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
 And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you : here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand : before this holy friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife : 60

[*Unmasking.*

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero !

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defiled ; but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify :

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Meantime let wonder seem familiar, 70

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice ?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio

Have been deceived ; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. 80

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. 100
Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?
No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love 110
my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends : let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward. 120

Bene. First, of my word ; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up,
pipers. [Dance. Exeunt.

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; V. ii. 100.
Accordant, favourable; I. ii. 13.
Adam; alluding to the outlaw Adam Bell, famous as an archer (*cp.* Percy's Reliques); I. i. 259.
Advertisement, moral instruction; V. i. 32.
Afear'd, afraid; II. iii. 153.
Affect, love; I. i. 296.
Affection, desire; II. ii. 6.
After, afterwards; I. i. 326.
Agate; an allusion to the little figures cut in agates, often worn in rings; a symbol of smallness; III. i. 65.
Aim; "a. better at me," form a better opinion of me; III. ii. 95.
Alliance; "Good Lord for al." *i.e.* "Heaven send me a husband," or "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming!"; II. i. 321.
Alms; "an alms" = a charity; II. iii. 159.
Ancientry, old fashioned manners; II. i. 77.
Angel, a gold coin (with pun upon noble and angel, both coins); II. iii. 35.
Answer; "to your a." *i.e.* "to answer for your conduct"; V. i. 231.
Antique, antic, buffoon; III. i. 63.
Antiquely, fantastically; V. i. 96.
Apes; a reference to the old superstition that old maids had to lead apes in hell; II. i. 40.
Appear itself, appear as a reality; I. ii. 20.
Apprehension; "professed ap." *i.e.* "set up for a wit"; III. iv. 65.

Approved, tried, proved; II. i. 384; IV. i. 45.
Argument, subject (for satire); I. i. 256; proof; II. iii. 235.
At a word = in a word; II. i. 114.
Ate, goddess of Fury and Mischief; II. i. 257.
Baldrick, belt; I. i. 242.
Bear in hand, keep in (false) hope; IV. i. 303.
Bear-ward (Quartos, Folios, read berrord; other eds., bear-herd), bear-leader; II. i. 40.



From a copper-plate illustrating London Cries of the time of James I.

Beaten; "b. with brains," *i.e.* mocked; V. iv. 102.
Bel; "God Bel's priests" alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel and the Dragon*; III. iii. 138.

Below stairs; "shall I always keep below stairs," an expression of doubtful meaning; probably = "in the servant's room"; hence "remain unmarried"; V. ii. 10.
Bent, tension, straining (properly an expression of archery); II. iii. 224; disposition; IV. i. 187.
Bills; "set up his bills," i.e. "posted his challenge, like a fencing-master"; I. i. 37.
Bills, pikes carried by watchmen; III. iii. 43.
Bills, used quibblingly for (1) bonds, and (2) watchmen's halberds; III. iii. 184.
Bird-bolt, a short arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; I. i. 40.
Black, dark-complexioned; III. i. 63.
Blazon, explanation; II. i. 298.
Block, wooden model for shaping hats; I. i. 75.
Blood, temperament; I. iii. 28; passion; II. i. 181.
Bloods, young fellows; III. iii. 145.
Boarded, accosted; II. i. 144.
Books; "not in your books," i.e. "not in your good books"; I. i. 77.
Borrows; "b. money in God's name," i.e. "begs it"; V. i. 315.
Bottle, a small wooden barrel; I. i. 257.
Brave, becoming, fitting; V. iv. 128.
Break, broach the subject; I. i. 309, 326.

Breathing=breathing-space; II. i. 367.
Bring, accompany; III. ii. 3.
Bucklers; "I give thee the b." i.e. "I yield thee the victory"; V. ii. 17.
By, concerning; V. i. 309.
Candle-wasters, those who burn the midnight oil, bookworms; V. i. 18.
Canker, canker-rose; I. iii. 27.
Capon, used as a term of contempt; (? a pun, according to some="a fool's cap on"); V. i. 155.
Carduus; "C. Benedictus," the holy-thistle; a plant supposed to cure all diseases, including the plague; III. iv. 70.
Care killed a cat, an old proverbial expression; V. i. 132.
Career; "in the c." i.e. "in tilting, as at a tournament"; V. i. 135.
Carpet-mongers, carpet-knights; V. ii. 32.
Carriage, bearing, deportment; I. iii. 29.
Carry, carry out; II. iii. 215.
Carving, modelling, fashioning; II. iii. 18.
Censured, judged; II. iii. 225.
Charge, burden; I. i. 101; commission, office; III. iii. 7.
Cheapen, bid for; II. iii. 33.
Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance; II. i. 74, 79. *Cp.* accompanying specimens.



From Naylor's Shakespeare and Music.

Circumstances; "c. shortened," i.e. "to omit details"; III. ii. 101.

Civet, a perfume made from the civet-cat; III. ii. 49.

Civil, used quibblingly with a play upon "civil" and "Seville"; II. i. 296.

Clarw, flatter; I. iii. 18.

Cog, to deceive, especially by smooth lies; V. i. 95.

Coil; confusion, III. iii. 97; old coil = much ado, great stir, "the devil to pay"; V. ii. 98.

Coldly, quietly; III. ii. 128.

Commodity, any kind of merchandise; III. iii. 183.

Company, companionship; V. i. 191.

Comprehended, blunder for "apprehended"; III. v. 49.

Conceit, conception; II. i. 300.

Conditions, qualities; III. ii. 65.

Confirmed, unmoved; V. iv. 17.

Consummate, consummated; III. ii. 1.

Contemptible, contemptuous; II. iii. 181.

Controlment, constraint; I. iii. 20.

Conveyance; "impossible c." incredible dexterity; II. i. 246.

Count Comfect, i.e. "Count Sugar-plum," with probably a play upon *conte* or *compte*, a fictitious story; IV. i. 316.

Counties, counts; IV. i. 315.

County, count; II. i. 189, 359.

Courtesies, mere forms of courtesy; IV. i. 320.

Courtesy = curtesy; II. i. 53.

Cousins, kinsmen, enrolled among the dependants of great families, little more than attendants; I. ii. 23.

Cross; "broke c." i.e. "broke athwart the opponent's body"; (an expression taken from tilting) V. i. 139.

Cuckold with horns; II. i. 43.



From Taylor the Water-Poet's tract "The World runnes on Wheels . . ." (1623).

Cunning, clever; V. i. 232.

Curst, shrewish; II. i. 20, 21, &c.

Daff; put off; V. i. 78.

Daffed, put aside; II. iii. 170.

Dangerous, threatening; V. i. 97.

Deadly, mortally; V. i. 177.

Dear happiness, a precious piece of good fortune; I. i. 127.

Decerns = a blunder for "concerns"; III. v. 3.

Defend, forbid; II. i. 94.

Defiled (the reading of the Quartos, omitted in the Folio), defiled by slander; V. iv. 63.

Deprave, practise detraction; V. i. 95.

Difference, used technically; "heraldic differences" distinguish the bearers of the same coat armour, and demonstrate their nearness to the representative of the family; I. i. 67.

Discover, reveal; III. ii. 92.

Discovered, revealed; I. ii. 11.

Division, order, arrangement; V. i. 227.

Doctor, a learned person; V. i. 204.

Don worm (Conscience was formerly represented under the symbol of a worm); V. ii. 84.

Dotage, doting love; II. iii. 169, 216.

- Double-dealer*, one who is unfaithful in love or wedlock; V. iv. 114.
- Doublet and hose*; "in his d. and h.," i.e. "without his cloak"; alluding to the custom of taking off the cloak before fighting a duel; V. i. 202.
- Doubt*, suspect; V. i. 118.
- Draw*, draw the bow of a fiddle (according to others, draw the instruments from their cases); V. i. 128.
- Drovier*=drover; II. i. 195.
- Dry hand* (a sign of a cold and chaste nature); II. i. 118.
- Dumb-show*, a pantomime; II. iii. 218.
- Dumps*, low spirits; II. iii. 73.
- Earnest*, handsel, part payment; II. i. 39.
- Ecstasy*, madness; II. iii. 152.
- Eftest*, quickest (perhaps a blunder for "deftest"); IV. ii. 35.
- Embassage*, embassy; I. i. 280.
- Engaged*, pledged; IV. i. 332.
- Entertained*, employed; I. iii. 58.
- Europa*, Europe (used quibblingly); V. iv. 45-6.
- Even*, plain; IV. i. 264.
- Every day*, immediately, without delay, as the French *incessamment*; perhaps "E. to-morrow" = "every day (after) to-morrow"; III. i. 101.
- Excommunication*, blunder for "communication"; III. v. 67.
- Exhibition*; "e. to examine," possibly a blunder for "examination to exhibit"; IV. ii. 5.
- Experimental*; "e. seal" i.e. "the seal of experience"; IV. i. 167.
- Faith*, fidelity in friendship; I. i. 73; honour, pledge; V. iv. 8.
- Fancy*, love; III. ii. 31.
- Fashion-monging*, foppish; V. i. 94.
- Fathers herself*, is like her father; I. i. 110.
- Favour*, countenance; II. i. 94.
- Fence*, skill in fencing; V. i. 75.
- Festival terms*, not in everyday language; V. ii. 41.
- Fetch me in*, draw me into a confession; I. i. 223.
- Fine*, conclusion; I. i. 245.
- Fleece*, sneer; V. i. 58.
- Fleet*, company; II. i. 143.
- Flight*, shooting with the flight, a kind of light and well-feathered arrow; I. i. 38.
- Flout*; "f. old ends," i.e. make fun of old endings of letters; I. i. 288.
- Flouting Jack*, mocking rascal; I. i. 184.
- Foining*, thrusting; V. i. 84.
- Frame*, order, disposition of things; IV. i. 129.
- Framed*, devised; V. i. 71.
- From*, away from; "f. all fashions," averse to all fashions, eccentric; III. i. 72.
- Full*; "you have it full," i.e. "you are fully answered"; I. i. 108.
- Full*, fully; III. i. 45.
- Furnish*, to dress; III. i. 103.
- Girdle*; "to turn his girdle," to give a challenge (alluding to the practice of turning the large buckle of the girdle behind one, previously to challenging anyone); V. i. 142.
- God save the Foundation!* (the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses); V. i. 324.
- Go in*=join with you in; I. i. 186.
- Good den*, good evening; III. ii. 79.
- Good-year*, supposed to be a corruption of *goujère*, a disease; used as a mild imprecation; I. iii. 1.
- Go to the world*, to marry; II. i. 321.
- Grace*, favour; I. iii. 22.
- Gracious*, attractive; IV. i. 108.

Grant; the fairest grant = "the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case"; I. i. 317.

Great Cham, the Khan of Tartary; II. i. 271.

Guarded, ornamented; I. i. 286.

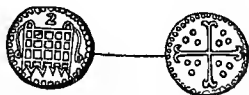
Guards, ornaments; I. i. 287.

Guerdon, recompense; V. iii. 5.

H, i.e. *ache*; the latter word and the name of the letter were pronounced alike; III. iv. 53.

Haggards, wild, untrained hawks; III. i. 36.

Half-pence, very small pieces; II. iii. 142.



From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Happiness; "outward happiness," i.e. "prepossessing appearance"; II. iii. 184.

Hare-finder, one skilled to find the hare; with perhaps a play upon "hair-finder"; I. i. 184.

Head, "to thy head" = "to thy face"; V. i. 62.

Hearken after, inquire into; V. i. 214.

"*Heigh-ho for a husband*," the title of an old ballad still extant (*cp.* III. iv. 51, 52); II. i. 323.

Height, highest degree; IV. i. 301.

High-proof, in a high degree; V. i. 123.

Hobby-horses (used as a term of contempt); III. ii. 71.

Hold it up, continue it; II. iii. 124.

Holds; "h. you well," thinks well of you; III. ii. 97.

How, however; III. i. 60.

"*Hundred Merry Tales*," a popular jest-book of the time (included in Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest Books, 1864); II. i. 130.

Important, importunate; II. i. 71.

Impose me to, impose upon me; V. i. 279.

In, with; II. i. 65.

Incensed, instigated; V. i. 240.

Infinite, infinite stretch, utmost power; II. iii. 105.

In respect of = in comparison with; III. iv. 17.

Intend, pretend; II. ii. 34.

In that, inasmuch as; V. iv. 109.

Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.

Inwardness, intimacy; IV. i. 246.

Jacks (used as a term of contempt); V. i. 91.

Just, that is so; II. i. 27.

Kid-fox, young fox; II. iii. 44.

Kind, natural; I. i. 26.

Kindly, natural; IV. i. 74.

Lapwing, a reference to the habit of the female green plover; when disturbed on its nest it runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest; III. i. 24.

Large, "large jests," broad jests; II. iii. 198.

Large, free, licentious; IV. i. 52.

Leap'd, covered; V. iv. 49.

Learn, teach; IV. i. 30.
Lewd, depraved; V. i. 339.
Liberal, licentious; IV. i. 92.
Light o' Love, a popular old dance tune, often referred to; III. iv. 42.
Limed, snared as with bird-lime; III. i. 104.
Liver (used as "heart" for the seat of love); IV. i. 232.
Lock, a love-lock; III. iii. 176.
Lock; "he wears a key in his ear, and a l. hanging by it," a quibbling allusion to the "love-locks" worn at the time, and perhaps to the fashion of wearing roses in the ears; V. i. 316.



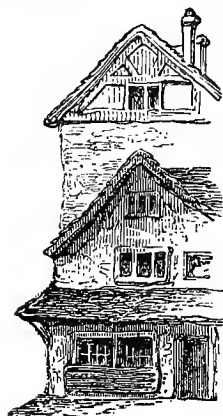
From a portrait of Christian
IV. of Denmark.

Lodge, the hut occupied by the watchman in a rabbit-warren; II. i. 216.
Low, short; III. i. 65.
Lustihood, vigour; V. i. 76.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. i. 41.
March-chick, chicken hatched in March, denoting precocity; I. iii. 56.
Marl, a kind of clay; II. i. 63.

Match, mate, marry; II. i. 64.
Matter, sense, seriousness; II. i. 335.
Matter, "no such matter," nothing of the kind; II. iii. 217.
May, can; IV. i. 265.
Measure, used quibblingly in double sense in connection with dance; II. i. 72.
Medicinal, medicinal; II. ii. 5.
Meet with, even with; I. i. 45.
Merely, entirely; II. iii. 218.
Metal, material; II. i. 59.
Misgovernment, misconduct; IV. i. 99.
Misprising, despising; III. i. 52.
Misprision, mistake; IV. i. 186.
Misuse, deceive; II. ii. 28.
Misused, abused; II. i. 240.
Moe, more; II. iii. 72.
Monument; "in m." = "in men's memory"; V. ii. 79.
Moral, hidden meaning, like the moral of a fable; III. iv. 75.
Moral, ready to moralise; V. i. 30.
Mortifying, killing; I. iii. 12.
Mountain, a great heap, a huge amount; II. i. 371.
Mountanto, i.e. montanto, a term in fencing, "an upright blow or thrust," applied by Beatrice to Benedict; I. i. 30.
Near, dear to; II. i. 163.
Neighbours; the time of "good n." i.e. "when men were not envious of one another"; V. ii. 77.
New-trothed, newly betrothed; III. i. 38.
Night-gown, dressing gown; III. iv. 17.
Night-raven, the owl or the night-heron; II. iii. 84.
Noncome; "to a n." probably = to be non compos mentis; III. v. 65.
Nothing, pronounced much in the same way as "noting"; hence the pun here on "no-thing" and "no-ting"; II. iii. 59.
Nuptial, marriage ceremony; IV. i. 68.

Of, by; I. i. 124.
Off, away from; III. v. 9.
On, of; IV. i. 138.
Only, alone, of all others; I. iii. 40.
Opinioned, a blunder for "pinioned"; IV. ii. 66.
Orchard, garden; I. ii. 9.
Orthography=orthographer, one who uses fine words; II. iii. 21.
Out-facing, facing the matter out with looks; V. i. 94.
Over-borne, overcome; II. iii. 152.

Pack'd, implicated; V. i. 305.
Palabras, i.e. *pocas palabras* (Spanish) = "few words"; III. v. 18.
Partridge wing (formerly considered the most delicate part of the bird); II. i. 150.
Passing, exceedingly; II. i. 81.
Passion, emotion; V. i. 23.
Pent-house, a porch or shed with sloping roof; III. iii. 107.



From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Philemon's roof; an allusion to the story of the peasant Philemon and his Baucis, who received Jupiter into their thatched cottage; II. i. 96.
Piety, Dogberry's blunder for "impiety"; IV. ii. 78.
Pigmies, a race of dwarfs fabled to dwell beyond Mount Imaus in India; II. i. 272.



This curious fanciful representation is reproduced from MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38.

Pikes, central spikes screwed into the bucklers or shields, of the 16th century; V. ii. 21.
Pitch; "they that touch pitch, &c.," a popular proverb derived from *Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1; III. iii. 60.
Pleached, interwoven; III. i. 7.
Pleasant, merry; I. i. 36.
Pluck up, rouse thyself; V. i. 205.
Possess, inform; V. i. 287.
Possessed, influenced; III. iii. 159.
Practice, contrivance, plotting; IV. i. 189.
Preceptial; "p. medicine," i.e. "the medicine of precepts"; V. i. 24.
Present, represent; III. iii. 78.
Presently, immediately; II. ii. 56.

Press; an allusion to the punishment known as the *peine forte et dure*, which consisted of piling heavy weights on the body; III. i. 76.

Prester John, Presbyter John, a mythical Christian King of India, of whose wonders Mandeville tells us much; II. i. 270.



From a MS. (Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38) of Mandeville of the XVth Cent.

Prized, estimated; III. i. 90.

Prohibit (used amiss by Dogberry); V. i. 333.

Prolong'd, deferred; IV. i. 255.

Proof; "your own p." i.e. "in your own trial of her"; IV. i. 45.

Proper, handsome; II. iii. 183.

Properest, handsomest; V. i. 173.

Propose, conversation; III. i. 12.

Proposing, conversing; III. i. 3.

Push; "made a push at," i.e. "defied"; V. i. 38.

Qualify, moderate; V. iv. 67.

Queasy, squeamish; II. i. 389.

Question; "in q." i.e. "under trial, subject to judicial examination"; III. iii. 185.

Question=that's the question; V. ii. 82.

Question, investigation; V. iv. 6.

Quips, sarcasms; II. iii. 241.

Quirks, shallow conceits; II. iii. 237.

Quit, requite; IV. i. 201.

Rabato, collar, ruff; III. iv. 6.



From a Monument in Ashford Church, Kent.

Rack, stretch, exaggerate; IV. i. 221.

Reasons (punning, according to some commentators, upon "reasons" and "raisins"); V. i. 209.

Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded to bring the dogs back; I. i. 240.

Reclusive, secluded; IV. i. 243.

Redemption, a blunder for "perdition"; IV. ii. 56.

Reechy, reeky, dirty; III. iii. 137.

Reformed, Dogberry's blunder for "informed"; V. i. 260.

Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 212.

Render, give back; IV. i. 29.

Reportingly, on mere report; III. i. 116.

Reprove, disprove; II. iii. 233.

Reverence, privilege of age; V. i. 64.

Rheum, tears; V. ii. 83.

Right; "do me right," give me satisfaction; V. i. 147.

Sad, serious; I. i. 183; I. iii. 60; II. i. 348-9.

Sadly, seriously; II. iii. 221.

Salved, palliated; I. i. 315.

Saturn; "born under S." i.e. "of a saturnine or phlegmatic disposition"; I. iii. 11.

Scab, used quibblingly for (1) sore, and (2) a low fellow; III. iii. 104.

Scambling, scrambling; V. i. 94.

Seeming, hypocrisy; IV. i. 56.

Self-endear'd, self-loving; III. i. 56.

Sentences, sententious sayings; II. iii. 241.

Seven-night, "a just s." i.e. "exactly a week"; II. i. 364.

Shape of two countries; III. ii. 34.



"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,

Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were;

For now I will were this, and now I will were that,

Now I will were I cannot tell what."

(From Borde's 'Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge'.)

Shaven Hercules, probably alludes to Hercules, shaved to look like a woman, while in the service of Omphale; III. iii. 139.

Shrewd, shrewish; II. i. 19.

Side, long; III. iv. 19.

Sigh; "sigh away Sundays," possibly an allusion to the Puritans' Sabbath; according to others the phrase signifies that a man has no rest at all; I. i. 202.

Slanders, misapplied by Dogberry for "slanderers"; V. i. 219.

Slops, large loose breeches; III. ii. 36.

Smirched, soiled; III. iii. 139.

Smoking, fumigating; I. iii. 59.

So, if; II. i. 88.

Soft you, hold, stop; V. i. 207.

Sort, rank; I. i. 7; I. i. 33.

Sort, turn out; V. iv. 7.

Speed's, i.e. speed us; V. iii. 32.

Spell; "s. him backward," misconstrue him; III. i. 61.

Squarer, quarreller; I. i. 80.

Staff, lance; V. i. 138.

Stale, harlot; IV. i. 65.

Stalk, walk, like a fowler behind a stalking-horse; II. iii. 95.

Start-up, up-start; I. iii. 66.

Stomach, appetite; I. iii. 15.

Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute; III. ii. 59.

Strain, family, lineage; II. i. 384.

Strain; "strain for strain," i.e. feeling for feeling; V. i. 12.

Style (used with a quibble on "stile"); V. ii. 6.

Success, the issue; IV. i. 235.

Sufferance, suffering; V. i. 38.

Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient"; III. v. 55.

Sun-burnt, homely, ill-favoured; II. i. 322.

Sure, faithful; I. iii. 69.

Suspect, misapplied for "respect"; IV. ii. 73, 74.

Suspicion (i.e. suspicion of having horns under it); I. i. 199.

Swift, ready; III. i. 89.

Taken up, used quibblingly for (1) arrested, and (2) obtained on credit; III. iii. 184.

Tale; "both in a tale," i.e. "they both say the same"; IV. ii. 30.

Tax, to censure; I. i. 44.

Teach, to be taught; I. i. 291.

Temper, compound, mix; II. ii. 21.

Temporize, make terms; I. i. 274.

Terminations, terms; II. i. 250.

Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven; I. ii. 9.

Tickling (trissyllabic); III. i. 80.

Tire, head-dress; III. iv. 12.

To, with; II. i. 237.

Tongues; "he hath the t." *i.e.* "he knows foreign languages"; V. i. 166.

To-night, last night; III. v. 33.

Tooth-picker=tooth-pick; II. i. 268.

Top; "by the top"=by the forelock; I. ii. 14.

Trace, walk; III. i. 16.

Trans-shape, caricature; V. i. 171.

Trial; "to trial of a man," *i.e.* "to a combat, man to man"; V. i. 66.

Trow=trow ye, *i.e.* think ye? III. iv. 56.

Truth, genuine proof; II. ii. 48.

Tuition, guardianship; I. i. 281.

Turned Turk=completely changed for the worse; III. iv. 54.

Tyrant, pitiless censor; I. i. 168.

Unconfirmed, inexperienced; III. iii. 119.

Underborne, trimmed, faced; III. iv. 20.

Undergoes, is subject to; V. ii. 57.

Unhappiness, wanton or mischievous tricks; II. i. 351.

Untowardly, unluckily; III. ii. 130.

Up and down, exactly; II. i. 118.

Upon, in consequence of; IV. i. 224.

Use, usury, interest; II. i. 281.

Used; "hath u." *i.e.* has made a practice of; used equivocally; V. i. 316.

Usurer's chain, an allusion to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants, many of whom were bankers; II. i. 190.

Vagrom, Dogberry's blunder for vagrant; III. iii. 26.

Venice, the city of pleasure-seekers, frequently alluded to as such by Elizabethan writers; I. i. 272.

Weak, foolish; III. i. 54.

Weeds, garments, dress; V. iii. 30.

Windy; "on the w. side of care," *i.e.* "to windward of care" (the metaphor being from two sailing boats racing); II. i. 318.

Wish, desire; III. i. 42.

Wit, wisdom; II. iii. 187.

With=by; II. i. 61; V. iv. 126.

Wits; "five wits," *i.e.* "the five intellectual powers, — common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory"; I. i. 64.

Woe, woful tribute; V. iii. 33.

Woo, press; II. iii. 50.

Woodcock, fool; V. i. 157.

Woollen, blankets; II. i. 31.

Wring, writhe; V. i. 28.

ABOUT NOTHING

Notes.

I. i. 216. The English story of 'Mr Fox' alluded to here was first written down by Blakeway, who contributed to Malone's Variorum Edition a version of the tale he had heard from an old aunt (*cp.* Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*).

II. i. 80. '*sink a-pace*' etc.; Camb. Ed. following Q. '*sink into his grave*'; Folio 1, Folio 2 *sinkes*; Capell '*sink-a-pace*,' so MS. corrector of Collier's Folio.

II. i. 215. '*As melancholy as a lodge in a warren*'; the phrase suggests "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," Isaiah i. 8.

II. i. 246. '*impossible*,' Theobald, '*impassable*.'

II. ii. 44. Some editors substitute 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' in order to relieve the difficulty here, but, as the Cambridge editors point out, "Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. . . . Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio."

II. iii. 38. The Folio reads:—'*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson*'; the latter was probably the singer who took the part of Balthasar.

III. ii. 27. '*Where is but a humour or a worm*': toothache was popularly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth.

III. iii. It is an interesting fact that 'Dogberry,' the vulgar name of the *dog-worm*, was used as a surname as far back as the time of Richard II., and that 'Verges,' a provincial corruption for *verjuice*, occurs in an ancient MS. (MS. Ashmol. 38) as the name of a usurer whose epitaph is given:—

"Here lies father Varges
Who died to save charges."

III. iii. 89. '*Keep your fellows' counsels and your own*.' It has been pointed out by students of Shakespeare's legal acquirements that these words still form part of the oath administered by judges' marshal to the grand jurymen at the present day.

III. v. 18. '*Comparisons are odorous*.' An elaborate extension of this joke occurs in the old play of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (c. 1603).

III. v. 37. '*When the age is in, the wit is out*'; a blunder for the old proverbial expression, '*when the ale is in, wit is out*'—

"When ale is in, wit is out,
When ale is out, wit is in,
The first thou showest out of doubt,
The last in thee hath not been."

HEYWOOD'S *Epigrams and Proverbs*.

IV. ii. Nearly all the speeches of Dogberry throughout the scene are given to the famous comedian 'Kemp,' those of Verges to 'Cowley.' William Kemp and Richard Cowley are among the 'principall actors' enumerated in the First Folio. The retention of the names of the actors "supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted." Dogberry's speech is assigned to 'Andrew,' probably a familiar appellation of Kemp, who, according to the Cambridge Edition, often played the part of 'Merry Andrew.'

IV. ii. 5. '*We have the exhibition to examine*.' Verges' blunder is not quite clear: possibly 'exhibition' is used in the sense of 'allowance' or 'permission,' otherwise he perhaps means 'examination to exhibit.'

V. i. 16. '*Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem"!*' The Quarto and the first and second Folios read, '*And sorrow wagge, crie hem*'; Folio 3, '*And hallow, wag, cry hem*'; Folio 4, '*And hollow, wag, cry hem*.' Many emendations have been suggested. Capell's '*bid sorrow wag*,' is now generally adopted. Johnson proposed '*Cry, sorrow wag! and hem*.' ('Sorrow wag,' like 'care away,' was probably a proverbial phrase.) One other suggestion is perhaps noteworthy:—'*And, sorry wag, cry "hem."*'

V. i. 315. '*Key in his ear and a lock hanging by it*.'

V. i. 318. '*Lend, for God's sake*.'

V. iii. 20, 21. '*Heavily, heavily*'; so reads the Quarto; the Folios '*Heavenly, heavenly*,' adopted by many editors. The same error, however, of '*heavenly*' for '*heavily*' occurs in the Folio reading of *Hamlet* II. ii. 309.

"The slayers of the virgin knight are performing a solemn requiem on the body of Hero, and they invoke Midnight and the shades of the dead to assist, until *her* death be uttered, that is, proclaimed, published, sorrowfully, sorrowfully" (Halliwell).

V. iv. 123. '*There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn*'; i.e. having a tip of horn, a horn handle; there is, of course, a quibbling allusion in the words to the favourite Elizabethan joke.



From a MS. Pontificale ad usum Ecclesiae Romanæ et Anglicanæ. XIVth Cent.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Preface.

The Early Editions. The earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* appeared in 1598, with the following title-page:—"A Pleasant conceited Comedie called Loues Labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by *W. Shakespere*. Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Cuthbert Burby*." (Reproduced in photo-lithography by *W. Griggs* with forewords by *Dr Furnivall*, *Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles*, No. 5.)

The Folio Edition of 1623—probably reprinted from the Quarto—gives on the whole a somewhat better text of the play, though in two or three instances the earlier Quarto is helpful in restoring correct readings; both editions are marked by carelessness; some of the errors are of singular interest as throwing light on Shakespeare's workmanship. The title-page of the Quarto indicates that the play as published in 1598 represents a revised version of an earlier production. Various attempts have been made to separate the earlier and later portions; the text of the Quarto and Folio gives us a valuable clue; Act IV. iii. 299-304, and Act V. ii. 827-832 are obviously parts of the first sketch of the play printed by mistake; had the proofs of Quarto 1 been carefully read these lines would most certainly have been deleted; the former passage represents the rough draft of the great speech in which they occur; the latter gave place to Rosaline's speech "*Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron*" (V. ii. 844-857). Probably a great part of the last Act has been re-written, especially the close of the play from the entrance of Mercade. Mr Spedding as far back as 1839 pointed out that the inequality in the length of the Acts gives us a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations: in Act I. Biron's remonstrance, and in Act IV. nearly the whole of the close and a few lines at the opening of the Act, may probably be classed with the passages already noted as belonging to Shakespeare's maturer work.

Date of Composition. All the recognized tests place *Love's Labour's Lost* among the earliest of Shakespeare's regular plays: it may

certainly be regarded as among the first of his comedies. External evidence bearing on the date is somewhat scanty; in addition to a mention of the play in *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, we have some lines by Robert Tofte in a poem entitled *Alba; or, the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, published the same year, wherein our play is referred to in words suggesting that it was not then a recent production:—"Love's Labour Lost I *once* did see." Similarly in a letter by Sir Walter Cope to Lord Cranborne (1604) similar mention is made of this as "an old play":—"Burbage is come and says there is no new play that the queen hath not seen, but they have revised an old one, called *Love's Labour Lost*, which for wit and mirth, he says, will please her exceedingly."*

All this, however, adds little to the information given on the title-page of the first Quarto.

Dr Grossart, in his edition of Robert Southwell, contends that certain lines, written about 1594, apply to the eyes of Christ the idea contained in Biron's speech in the fifth Act:—

"O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell. . . ."

There is a valuable piece of confirmatory evidence for the early date of this play and its companion play "*Love's Labour Won*" (whatever this may have been) in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. i. 29-33.

"To be in *love*, what scorn is bought with groans
If happy *won*, perhaps a hapless gain,
If *lost* why then a grievous *labour's won*."

General Characteristics. The metrical tests place *Love's Labour's Lost* first of the plays of the first (or rhyming) period; its lyrical character is perhaps its most noteworthy feature: it contains in its present state twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, and there can be little doubt that in its original form the proportion was even greater. In addition to three Sonnets and a Song* there is doggerel in abundance, as well as alternate rhymes and six-line stanzas; but throughout the play the *thought*, quite as much as the metrical form, reminds us that Shakespeare has not yet divorced his poetical from his dramatic genius. "The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron," Mr Pater

* Tofte and others call the play *Love's Labour Lost*; it is doubtful whether the correct title is *Love's Labours Lost*, or *Love's Labour's Lost*; the apostrophe is found in the headline of Quarto I.

* Preface.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Preface

justly observes, "have something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression."

Among other marks of its early date are the following :—Its symmetrical arrangement of the characters; its introduction of the standing characters of the older plays ("the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy"); its quibbling, repartee, and word-play; its sketchy characterisation (Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice; Armado and Jaquenetta anticipate Touchstone and Audrey); the obvious influence of the Courtly dramas of John Lily. Finally, no other play gives us such glimpses into Shakespeare's youth; none has such delightful reminiscences of his child-life at Stratford: in more senses than one *Love's Labour's Lost* is "a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!"

The Plot. *Love's Labour's Lost* has the slightest of all Shakespeare's plots; it may be described as a drama of dialogue and satire; intrigue plays practically no part in it. It would seem, indeed, that Shakespeare's first comedy owed its main interest to topical allusions, no doubt readily understood by his audience. This topical character of the play explains its popularity in Elizabethan days, and its neglect in modern times. Mr S. Lee (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880) has called attention to its quasi-historical frame-work, and its many references to contemporary events and personages:—(1) The leading element of the play refers to English volunteers, who, under Essex, had just joined Henry of Navarre in France. Note the name of the hero of the play; his associates are named after Navarre's generals; of these Biron was the best known and the most popular in England, and Shakespeare seems to have given us a life-like portraiture (in later years Chapman made him the hero of two of his plays); (2) the meeting of the King of Navarre and the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the King and Catherine de Medici in 1586 to settle disputes between Navarre and the reigning king, her son, "decrepit in mind and body"; (3) the references to Russian diplomacy; (4) the question of academies; *X(5) "the ludicrous side of contemporary country life, with its inefficient constable, its pompous schoolmaster, and its ignorant curate"; (6) contemporary affectations of speech and dress.

It is customary to class all the extravagances of speech characteristic of

X * Jaggard put two of the Sonnets and the Song into *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; the Song was also printed with Shakespeare's name attached in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

X Footnote is on the next page.

the Elizabethan age as Euphuism; Shakespeare, however, carefully differentiates the pedantry of the New Learning, as exemplified by Holofernes; the fantastic extravagance of the Newer Learning, as exemplified by Armado; and the refined charm, the fascination, as well as the dangers, of the poetic diction of the age, as exemplified by Biron,—Shakespeare's own mouthpiece when he forswears his

“Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical.”

Shakespeare may well be identified with his favourite character, and Biron's plea may well be taken as the poet's own :—

“Yet have I a trick
Of the old rage;—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees.”

It is noteworthy that even “the fanatical phantasm” Armado was drawn from the life; he was a well-known character of the time, and Thomas Churchyard commemorated his death in a poem entitled “The Phantastical Monarchoes Epitaph.”

Certain critics have discovered in Holofernes a caricature of Florio, but there is no reason for supposing that Shakespeare wished to hold up to ridicule a distinguished scholar, to whose work he was indebted. The name Holofernes was possibly derived from Rabelais; Tubal Holofernes taught Gargantua his A B C: in his general characteristics he resembles Rombus, the Schoolmaster, in Sydney's *The Lady of the May*.

The close of the play suggests that Shakespeare had been reading Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*. Perhaps even the song at the end may justly remind one of the fact that in Chaucer's poem also the birds sing their song as they disperse, though Shakespeare's song, as far as its form is concerned, is a medieval “debate.” “The debate and strife between summer and winter” was imprinted by Laurence Andrews. “The pageant of the Nine Worthies” was a frequent subject of exhibition by the “base mechanicals” of country towns. “Divers play Alexander in the villages,” observes Williams in his *Discourse of Warre*, 1590, “but few or none in the field.”

Duration of Action. The action of the play lasts probably two days. Acts I. and II. cover the first day, Acts III. and IV. the second.

X * From this point of view and in other respects the play should be compared with its Victorian counterpart, Tennyson's *Princess*.

X



PAGEANT of the NINE WORTHIES.

This illustration, representing Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and Hector (three of the 'Nine Worthies'), is from a large plate in a collection of engravings of *Tournois Allemands*, formed by Baron Taylor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King.*
DUMAIN, }

BOYET, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*
MERCADÉ, }

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*
MARIA, }
KATHARINE, }

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Navarre.*

Love's Labour's Lost.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

The king of Navarre's park.

*Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Biron, Longaville,
and Dumain.*

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,— 10
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here :
Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down 20
That violates the smallest branch herein :

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved ; 'tis but a three years' fast :
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified :
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves : 30
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over ;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside, 40
The which I hope is not enrolled there ;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please : 50
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know : 60
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's game be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know;
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights 90
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost, 100

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should prond summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron : adieu. 110

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been 120
proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'on pain
of losing her tongue.' Who devised this
penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk 130
with a woman within the term of three years,
he shall endure such public shame as the rest of
the court can possibly devise.'

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace and complete majesty,—

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain, 140

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn 150

Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'

So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth, 160
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: 170

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport ; 180

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow : what wouldst ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
his Grace's tharborough : but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you.
There's villany abroad : this letter will tell
you more. 190

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God
for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us
patience !

Biron. To hear ? or forbear laughing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ;
or to forbear both. 200

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause
to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaqu-
netta. The matter of it is, I was taken with
the manner.

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those

three : I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is 210 in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction : and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention !

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh. 220

King [*reads*]. ‘Great deputy, the welkin’s viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul’s earth’s god, and body’s fostering patron.’—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. ‘So it is,’—

Cost. It may be so : but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace !

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight ! 230

King. No words !

Cost. Of other men’s secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. ‘So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to

that nourishment which is called supper: so much 240
for the time when. Now for the ground which;
which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy
park. Then for the place where; where, I
mean, I did encounter that obscene and most
preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-
white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here
thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but
to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east
and by east from the west corner of thy curious-
knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited 250
swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight
Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to 260
thy established proclaimed edict and continent
canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I
passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother
Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet under-
standing, a woman. Him I, as my ever-
esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee,
to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet
Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good 270
repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you : I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard. 280

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir : I was taken with a damsel. 290

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity : I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast a week with bran and water. 300

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er :

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir ; for true it is, I was 310

taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true

girl ; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of
prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again ;

and till then, sit thee down, sorrow ! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit
grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing,
dear imp.

Moth. No, no ; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,
my tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working,
my tough senior.

10

Arm. Why tough senior ? why tough senior ?

Moth. Why tender juvenal ? why tender juvenal ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent

epitheton appertaining to thy young days,
which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to
your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying
apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty? 20

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest
my blood. 30

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses
love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a
tapster. 40

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a
complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross
sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now
here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and 50
how easy it is to put years to the word three, and
study three years in two words, the dancing horse
will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it
is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with
a base wench. If drawing my sword against the
humour of affection would deliver me from the
reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire 60
prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier
for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to
sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Com-
fort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear
boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them
be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good
carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town- 70
gates on his back like a porter: and he was in
love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson!
I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou
didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.
Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or
one of the four. 80

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to
have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had
small reason for it. He surely affected her for
her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red. 90

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked
under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue,
assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and
pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred, 100
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason
of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the
Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad 110
some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not
to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither
serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that
I may example my digression by some mighty
precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl
that I took in the park with the rational hind
Costard : she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped ; and yet a better love 120
than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep
Costard safe : and you must suffer him to take
no delight nor no penance ; but a' must fast
three days a week. For this damsel, I must
keep her at the park : she is allowed for the 130
day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

140

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away !

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for 150 they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away !

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir : I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see ?

160

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and therefore I will say nothing : I thank God I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood,

if I love. And how can that be true love which 170
is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love
is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love.
Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an ex-
cellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced,
and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft
is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too
much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first
and second cause will not serve my turn; the
passado he respects not, the duello he regards
not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his 180
glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust,
rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in
love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some ex-
temporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall
turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I
am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The same.

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,
Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear, 10
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker : good Boyet, 20
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace :
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit Boyet.*]

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast, 40
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; 49
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit. 60
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch, 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ? 80

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt :
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again ; and 'welcome'
I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high
to be yours ; and welcome to the wide fields too
base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then : conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will. 99

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping :

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. 110

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;

For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question !

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire. 121

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

- King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ; 130
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far 150
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
- Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
- King.* I do protest I never heard of it ;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word. 160

Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound :
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may 170
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place ! [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart. 180

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be
glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says ' ay.'

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye ?

Ros. No point, with my knife. 190

Biron. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word : what lady is that same ?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

Long. I beseech you a word : what is she in the white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were
a shame. 200

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard.

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [Exit Long.]

Biron. What's her name in the cap ?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap. 210

Biron. Is she wedded or no ?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir : adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[Exit Biron.]

Mar. That last is Biron the merry mad-cap lord :

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships? 219

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I a pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair, 240

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tendering their own worth from where they
were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:

His face's own margin did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion : Boyet is disposed. 250

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath
disclosed.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father is
but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of
hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*]

Arm. Sweet air ! Go, tenderness of years ; take this
key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
festinately hither : I must employ him in a letter
to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French
brawl ?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French? 10

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, 20 like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.' 30

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove? 40

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and with-

out, upon the instant : by heart you love her,
because your heart cannot come by her ; in
heart you love her, because your heart is in love
with her ; and out of heart you love her, being
out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me a 50
letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized ; a horse to be
ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha ! ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the
horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short : away !

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious ?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ? 60

Moth. Minimè, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acnte juvenal ; volable and free of grace !

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy
face :

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master ! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come, thy l'envoy ; begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy : no salve in the
mail, sir : O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ! no
l'envoy, no l'envoy ; no salve, sir, but a plantain !

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly
thought my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs
provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon
me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve
for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve ? 80

Moth. Do the wise think them other ? is not l'envoy a
salve ?

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to make
plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three. 90

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose : would
you desire more ? 100

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see ; a fat l'envoy ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument
begin ?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain : thus came your argu-
ment in ;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought ;
And he ended the market. 110

Arm. But tell me : how was there a Costard broken
in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth : I will speak
that l'envoy :

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee. 120

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances : I smell some
l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at
liberty, enfreedoming thy person : thou wert
immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ;

and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] 130 to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit. Moth.* Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu. *Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy Jew!

[*Exit Moth.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. 140 Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk. 150

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first. 160

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,

it is but this :

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

[*Giving him a shilling.*

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon ! better than remun- 170

eration, a 'leven-pence farthing better : most
sweet gardon ! I will do it, sir, in print.

Gardon ! Remuneration ! [Exit.

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been
love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy ;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent !

This whimples, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ; 181

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting 'paritors :—O my little heart !—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !

What ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife ! 190
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right !
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard : 200
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The same.

*Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline,
Maria, and Katharine.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boyet. I know not ; but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch :
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 20

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes, 30
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. 40
Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be
fit. 50

Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter ! he's a good friend of mine :
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve ;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most 60
infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth
itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than
fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth

itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon ; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici ; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar !—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. 70
 Who came ? the king : why did he come ? to see : why did he see ? to overcome : to whom came he ? to the beggar : what saw he ? the beggar : who overcame he ? the beggar. The conclusion is victory : on whose side ? the king's. The captive is enriched : on whose side ? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose side ? the king's : no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king ; for so stands the comparison : thou the 80
 beggar : for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may : shall I enforce thy love ? I could : shall I entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; for tittles ? titles ; for thyself ? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 90

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play :
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in
court; I00

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another
day. [Exeunt Princess and train.]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know? I10

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that 121
was a man when King Pepin of France was a
little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain
was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, 129
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did
hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says
my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the
clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her
to bowl. 140

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good
owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man !
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan !
To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a'
will swear !

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit !
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit ! 150
Sola, sola ! [*Shout within.* [*Exit Costard, running.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood ; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 10

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo ; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication ; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest

unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud
credo for a deer. 20

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a
pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus !

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou
look !

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
in a book ;

he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not
drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ; he is
only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts :
And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts
that do fructify in us more than he. 30

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in
a school :

But omne bene, say I ; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men : can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet ?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-
score. 41

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal 50
epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to
humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess
killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preylful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty
pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made
sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps
from thicket; 60

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-
hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one
more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he
claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a
foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,

revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of 70
memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater,
and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.
But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute,
and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my
parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you,
and their daughters profit very greatly under you:
you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall
want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, 80
I will put it to them: but *vir sapit qui pauca*
loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one
should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest
to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit
in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl
enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well. 90

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me
this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent
me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub*
umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old
Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller
doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan ! who understandeth 100
thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi,
fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ?
or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my
soul, verses ?

Nath. Ay sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse ; lege,
domine.

Nath. [*reads*].

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd !
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bow'd. III

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would com-
prehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend ;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire :
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dread-
ful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong, 120
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the
accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegance,
facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret.
Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed,

Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damo- 130
sella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he 140
hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, 150
very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on

my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-
said child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; 160
where I will prove those verses to be very un-
learned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor
invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text,
is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.
[*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall
not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the
gentles are at their game, and we will to our 169
recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am cours-
ing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am
toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a
foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for
so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the
fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love
is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a
sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not
love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O,
but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I 10
would not love her; yes, for her two eyes.
Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie
in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath
taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and
here is part of my rhyme, and here my melan-

choly. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already:
the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady
hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest
lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if
the other three were in. Here comes one with a 20
paper; God give him grace to groan! [*Stands aside.*]

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet
Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-
bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 30
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel, 40
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[Steps aside.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn !

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing
papers.

King. In love, I hope : sweet fellowship in shame !

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so ? 50

Biron I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that
I know :

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :
Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument, 60
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine : 70

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
way.

Long. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! stay.
[*Steps aside.*]

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye. 79
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish !

Enter Dumain with a paper.

Dumain transform'd ! four woodcocks in a dish !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Biron. O most profane coxcomb !

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye !

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine. 90

Dum. O that I had my wish !

Long. And I had mine !

King. And I mine too, good Lord !

Biron. Amen, so I had mine : is not that a good word ?

Dum. I would forget her ; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood ! why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers : sweet misprision !

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. [*reads*]

On a day—alack the day !— 100

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, can passage find ;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;

Air, would I might triumph so !

But, alack, my hand is sworn 110

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ;

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee ;

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiopie were ;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain, 120

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;

For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society :
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*advancing*] Come, sir, you blush ; as his your case is
such ; 130

You chide at him, offending twice as much ;
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush :
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
Ay me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ; 140
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*To Long.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dum.*

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it !
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. 150

[*Advancing.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me !
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?

Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears ;
You 'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting !
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ; 160
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen !
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain ? 170
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
And where my liege's ? all about the breast :
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you :

I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in ;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With men like you, men of inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ? 180

Or groan for love ? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither, 190

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Biron tears the letter.*]

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not
fear it. 200

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Gathering up the pieces.*]

Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you
were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess :

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone ? 211

King. Hence, sirs ; away !

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace !

As true we are as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree :
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline, 220

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light. 230

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn, 241
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy :
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack, 250

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the suit of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair. 260

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away. 270

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd overhead. 280

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. 'Tis more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.

Consider what you first did swear unto, 290

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look ?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face ? 300
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow ; 310
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out 320
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;

But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power, 330
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ? 340
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ; 350
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world :
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves, 360
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ? 370

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither ;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted 380
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons ! allons ! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

*The same.**Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.**Hol.* Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te : his humour is lofty, 10
his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions ; such rackers of orthography, 20
as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt ; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t : he clepeth a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbour vocatur nebour ; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call ab-

bominable : it insinuateth me of insanie : ne intelligis, domine ? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon ! Priscian a little scratched ;
'twill serve.

30

Nath. Videsne quis venit ?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah !

[*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah ?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee
for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head
as honorificabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier
swallowed than a flap-dragon.

40

Moth. Peace ! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered ?

Moth. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book.
What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn
on his head ?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear
his learning.

50

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant ?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat
them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean,
a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip,
snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect:
true wit! 60

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is
wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy
gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will
whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of
a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou 70
shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there
is the very remuneration I had of thy master,
thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg
of discretion. O, an the heavens were so
pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a
joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to;
thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as
they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled 80
from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth
at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and
affection to congratulate the princess at her

pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, 90
is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure you.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must 100
tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have 110
me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertain-

ment of time, some show in the posterior of this 120
day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the
king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate,
and learned gentleman, before the princess; I
say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to
present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant
gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain,
because of his great limb or joint, shall pass
Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,— 130

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough
for that Worth's thumb: he is not so big as
the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Her-
cules in minority: his enter and exit shall be
strangling a snake; and I will have an apology
for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the
audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Her-
cules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is 140
the way to make an offence gracious, though
few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I
beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word 150
all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons ! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the
hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull ! To our sport, away !

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The same.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :
A lady wall'd about with diamonds !
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; a' killed your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not?—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: 30

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. 40

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, 50

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville :
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go : 60

O that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 70
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her Grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare ! 81

Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surprised :
Muster you wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What are they
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ; 90
When, lo ! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions : warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear ;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
Action and accent did they teach him there ;
' Thus must thou speak,' and ' thus thy body bear :'
And ever and anon they made a doubt 101
Presence majestic would put him out ;
' For,' quoth the king, ' an angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, ' An angel is not evil ;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the
shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder :
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before ; 110

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do 't come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, 120
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal

Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot :

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpet sounds within.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the maskers
come. [The ladies mask.]

*Enter Blackamoors with music ; Moth ; the King, Biron,
Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits and masked.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160
[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views !

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !—
Out—

Boyet. True ; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes——

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ; 170
You were best call it ‘ daughter-beamed eyes.’

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue !
[*Exit Moth.*]

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their minds, Boyet :
If they do speak our language, ’tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess ?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ? 180

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told. 190

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o’ergone,
Are number’d in the travel of one mile ?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you :

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt. 200

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change,

Thou bid'st me beg : this begging is not strange. 210

Ros. Play, music, then ! Nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*

Not yet ! no dance ! Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice : take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then ?

Ros. Only to part friends : 220

Curtsey, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves : what buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought : and so, adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three. 231

Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey : well run, dice !
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu ;

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall ! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ! Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, 240

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue ?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things. 261

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*]

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces? 271

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :

No point, quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;

And trow you what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art ! 280

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, 290

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :

Therefore change favours ; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud ;

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,

If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised, 300

Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised :

Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*]

*Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you ! Where 's the princess ?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty 311
Command me any service to her thither ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please :
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve ;
A' can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly ; and in ushering,
Mend him who can : the ladies call him sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet : 330

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria,
and Katharine.*

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive. 340

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me: and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. 350

Now by my maiden honour yet as pure

As the unsullied lily I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game :

A mess of Russians left us but of late. 361

King. How, madam! Russians!

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord :

My lady, to the manner of the days,

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four

In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word. 370

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light : your capacity

Is of that nature that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess !

Ros. All the fool mine ?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore ?

Biron. Where ? when ? what vizard ? why demand you
this ?

Ros. There, then, that vizard ; that superfluous case

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried ; they 'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. 390

Prin. Amazed, my lord ? why looks your highness sad ?

Ros. Help, hold his brows ! he 'll swoond ! Why look
you pale ?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?

Here stand I : lady, dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;

Nor never come in vizard to my friend ;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song !

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :

I do forswear them ; and I here protest, 410

By this white glove,—how white the hand, God
knows !—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron.

Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see :
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three ;
They are infected ; in their hearts it lies ; 420
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes ;
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit : seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves ; my wit is at an end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguised ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace ! forbear :

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will : and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth, 450
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give :
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Biron. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't : here was a consent, 460

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before ; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is : and might not you [To Boyet.
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?

You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou part'st a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three ?
Cost. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we
know what we know : 490
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it
doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it ?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount : for 500
mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect
one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great,
sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit. 510

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded make most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth. 520

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch;
for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we 530

will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement ! [Exit.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other
five. 540

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.
King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends
with thee. 550

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my
foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.' 560

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander. 570

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown

Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! 580
run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*]
There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, 590
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus. 600

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face. 610

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved bone-face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. 620

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as,
away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. 630

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may
stumble. [*Hol. retires.*]

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain. 640

Boyet No ; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace !— 650

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when 660
he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward
with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty,
bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector : we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,— 670

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already : 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey 680 that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the Huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates ! stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly 690 than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man : I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the 700
combat? What mean you? You will lose
your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will
not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the
challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I
go woolward for penance. 710

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome
for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn,
he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaque-
netta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a
favour.

Enter Marcade.

Mar. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Marcade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mar. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father— 720

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mar. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I
have seen the day of wrong through the little

hole of discretion, and I will right myself like
a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay. 730

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath: your gentleness

Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks 740

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it 750

From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents : 760
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance :
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities, 770
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love ;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ; 780
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time :
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves. 790

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs 800
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut 810
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me? 820

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury :
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth and a day 830
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say :
Come when the king doth to my lady come ;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience : but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me ; 840
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there :
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain, 850

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. 860

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit, 870
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my
leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, 880

And then 'twill end.

Biron.

That's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I
am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to
hold the plough for her sweet love three years.
But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the
dialogue that the two learned men have com-
piled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it 890
should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the
Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the
other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight, 900
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree, 910
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, 920
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And conghing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; 930
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this
way. [*Exeunt.*]

Glossary

A', he; V. ii. 13.
Abate, deduct, leave out, except,
 vide *Novum*; V. ii. 545.
Academe, Academy; I. i. 13.
Address'd, prepared; II. i. 83.
Affection, affectation; V. i. 4.
Affect, adore; I. ii. 166.
Affect the letter, use alliteration; IV.
 ii. 56.
Affects, affections, inclinations; I. i.
 152.
Ajax, probably used with a play
 upon *a jakes*, a well-known coarse
 joke of the time; V. ii. 579.
All hid, the children's cry in the game
 of "hide and seek"; IV. iii. 77.
Allorw'd, privileged (as a fool); V.
 ii. 478.
An if, if (emphatic); I. i. 50.
Annothyanize (so Folio 1 and Quartos;
 the other Folios "anatomize")
 probably Armado's rendering of
 "anatomize"; IV. i. 68.
Antique, antic; V. i. 113.
Apple of her eye; "upon the a." =
 "in obedience to her glance";
 V. ii. 475.
Art, science; "living art," *i.e.*
 "immortal science"; I. i. 14.
Ates, mischiefs, instigations; (*Até*,
 the goddess of mischief that in-
 cited to bloodshed); V. ii. 687.
Banded; vide *Set*.

Bargain, "to sell a bargain" seems
 to have consisted in drawing a
 person in by some stratagem to
 proclaim himself a fool; III. i. 101.
Base, mean, mere; I. i. 87.
Bate, blunt; I. i. 6.
Beg; "you cannot beg us," *i.e.*
 you cannot prove us to be idiots
 and apply to be our guardians; you
 cannot beg the wardship of our
 persons and property; V. ii. 490.
Ben venuto, welcome (Italian); IV.
 ii. 160.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprec-
 ation; V. ii. 46.
Betime, betide, chance; IV. iii. 381.
Bias, preponderant tendency (origin-
 ally a term in bowling); IV. ii.
 112.
Bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with
 a broad flat end, used to kill birds
 without piercing; IV. iii. 22.
Blood, "in blood," used technically
 in the sense of "in full vigour";
 IV. ii. 3.
Bold of, confident in; II. i. 28.
Bombast, padding (cotton used to
 stuff out garments); V. ii. 783.
Brawl, a kind of dance, "wherein
 many (men and women) holding
 by the hands sometimes in a ring,
 and otherwhiles at length, move
 all together"; III. i. 9. (See
 the accompanying example.)



A Brawl. (From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*.)

Breathed, endowed with breath, vigorous; V. ii. 653.

Button-hole; "let me take you a b. lower," i.e. "let me speak without ceremony"; V. ii. 699.

Butt-shaft, a kind of arrow used for shooting at *butts*, or targets; I. ii. 175.

Gan, did; an old corruption of "gan" (cp. the version printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*), with which word it was frequently confused; IV. iii. 105.

Canary, to dance the canary, a fantastic savage dance, said to have been brought from the Canary Islands; III. i. 12. (See Specimen.)

have been suggested; V. i. 82.

Chose, choice, well-chosen; V. i. 92.

Chuck, a term of endearment; V. i. 111.

Circum circa (Quartos and Folios "unum cita," emended by Theobald), round and round; V. i. 68.

Cittern-head; "the cittern had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board"; V. ii. 612. (See illustration at end of Glossary.)

Claws, scratches in a pleasing manner, humours, flatters; IV. ii. 65.



A Canary. (From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*.)

Capon, used like *poulet* in French for a love-letter; "break up this capon," i.e. open this letter; IV. i. 56.

Career, encounter of knights at full gallop; V. ii. 482.

Carve, to show amorous courtesy; V. ii. 323.

Caudle, a warm drink of gruel with wine and spice added, often given to the sick; IV. iii. 173.

Cause, used in the technical sense of "cause of quarrel"; I. ii. 178.

Chapmen, sellers; II. i. 16.

Charge-house, a school-house, not found elsewhere; printed "charg-house" in Fol. 1. and Q. 1.; perhaps = "church-house" as pronounced by Armado: "charter-house," "large-house," etc.,

Clean timbered, well-made, faultlessly shaped; V. ii. 638.

Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim; IV. i. 136.

Cockled, enclosed in a shell; IV. iii. 337.

Codpiece, part of the male dress of the period; III. i. 185.

Cog, deceive; V. ii. 235.

Colourable colours, specious pretexts; IV. ii. 152.

Common sense, ordinary sight, or perception; I. i. 57, 64.

Competitors, associates; II. i. 82.

Complements, accomplishments, probably with the idea of "formal accomplishments," "external shows"; I. i. 169.

Complexion, temperament, disposition (used quibblingly); I. ii. 81.

Compliment, formality; IV. ii. 146.
Conceit's, thought's; II. i. 72.
Concolinel, probably the beginning or burden of a song; III. i. 3.

Consent, compact; V. ii. 460.
Contents = contents; I. i. 191.
Converse of breath, conversation; V. ii. 737.

Convince, overcome; V. ii. 748.
Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 4.
Corner-cap, the biretta, or three-corned cap of a Roman Catholic priest; IV. iii. 52.

Corporal of the field, an officer similar to our aide-de-camp; III. i. 188.
Couplement, couple (used by Armado); V. ii. 532.

Coursing, chasing; IV. iii. i.
Courtesy, curtsy; I. ii. 62.
Crabs, crab-apples; V. ii. 928.

Crack, boast; IV. iii. 267.
Crest, badge; "beauty's crest becomes the heavens well" (i.e. the brightness which is the badge of beauty); IV. iii. 255.

Critic, carper; III. i. 177.
Critic, cynical; "critic Timon," the misanthrope *par excellence*; IV. iii. 169.

Crosses, used quibblingly in the sense of money; many old coins were marked with a cross on one side; I. ii. 33.

Cuckoo-buds, probably the buttercup, or the bud of the cowslip; the name is now given to the meadow cress; V. ii. 899.

Curious-knotted, elaborately laid out in knots, intricately-devised beds in which flowers were planted; I. i. 249.

Curst, shrewish; IV. i. 36.

Dancing-horse; an allusion to a famous performing horse often alluded to by contemporary writers as "Bankes' horse," and here illustrated; he is said to have

gone up to the top of St Paul's in 1600; (*cp.* Chambers's *Book of Days*); I. ii. 52.



From "Marroccus Extaticus or Bankes' Bay Horse in a Trance," (1595).

Day-woman, dairy-woman; I. ii. 132.
Dazzling, being dazzled; "who dazzling so," i.e. "that when he has his eye made weak" (by fixing it upon a fairer eye); I. i. 82.
Dear, used intensively ("dear groans"); V. ii. 867.

Dearest, best; II. i. 1.

Debate, contest; I. i. 174.

Depart, to part; II. i. 147.

Dictynna (Dictisima, Dictissima, Dictima, in Folios and Quartos), one of the names of Diana; IV. ii. 37, 38.

Digression, transgression; I. ii. 115.

Disgrace, disfigurement; I. i. 3.

Disposed, inclined to be somewhat wantonly merry; II. i. 250.

Dominical, the red letter which in old almanacs denotes the Lord's day; "red d. my golden letter" referring to the fashionable colour of Katherine's hair; V. ii. 44.

Doubt; "made a d." = "expressed a fear"; V. ii. 101.

Dry-beaten, cudgelled; V. ii. 263.

Epitheton, epithet (used by Armado); I. ii. 14.

Extemporal, unpremeditated; I. ii. 183.

Fadge, turn out well; V. i. 148.

Fair, beauty; IV. i. 17.

Fairings, presents (originally the nick-nacks bought at fairs); V. ii. 2.

Familiar, familiar spirit, demon; I. ii. 171.

Fasting, hungry; IV. iii. 121.

Favour, leave, pardon; III. i. 68.

Favour, a present, token of love; V. ii. 30; with a quibble on "favour" = "face"; V. ii. 33.

Festinatelly, quickly; III. i. 6.

Fierce, ardent; V. ii. 857.

Filed, polished; V. i. 12.

Fire-new, brand-new; I. i. 179.

Fitted, equipped; II. i. 45.

Flap-dragon, a small substance set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming; V. i. 43.

Flask, a powder-flask; V. ii. 617.

Flee'd, laughed; V. ii. 109.

Force, to care; V. ii. 440.

Form, bench, used quibblingly; I. i. 209.

Fortuna de la guerra (Spanish), fortune of war (used by Armado); V. ii. 531.

Frame, order; III. i. 192.

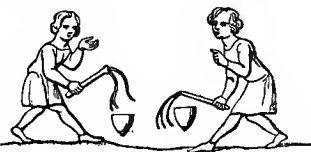
Gallows, used playfully for a mischievous knave (*cp.* wag = wagh-alter); V. ii. 12.

Gelded, maimed; II. i. 149.

Gentility, good manners (Theobald conjectured "garrulity"); I. i. 129.

Get the Sun; in the days of archery it was an advantage to get the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy; IV. iii. 368.

Gig, a kind of top; IV. iii. 166.



From the MS. of the Roman d'Alexandre in the Bodleian Library.

Glozes, sophistries; IV. iii. 369.

God dig - you - den, *i.e.* "God give you good evening"; IV. i. 42.

Grossly, grossly; IV. i. 139.

Guards, trimmings, ornaments; IV. iii. 57.

Half-cheek, profile; V. ii. 618.

Hands; "of all hands" = "in any case"; IV. iii. 218.

Hat penthouse-like; III. i. 17. *Cp. Penthouse-like.*

Hay, an old country-dance; V. i. 156.

Head, "a buck of the first head" = "a buck of the fifth year"; IV. ii. 10.

Heed, protection, lodestar; I. i. 82.

Hereby, used by Jaquenetta in the sense of "as it may happen"; Armado takes it to mean "close by"; I. ii. 135.

Hid, *vide* "All hid."

Hight, is called; I. i. 171.

Hind, boor, peasant (with a quibble on "hind," the beast; hence "rational hind"); I. ii. 117.



From an illustration in the "Musarum Deliciae."

Hobby-horse, one of the principal characters in the old Morris-dance, but growing out of use after the Reformation; "The hobby-horse is

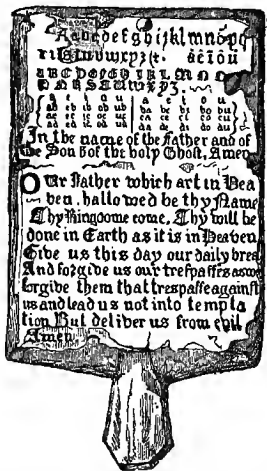
forgot" was a well-known quotation from some popular ballad ("But O," or "For O," preceded; *cp. Hamlet*, III. ii. 142; III. i. 30.



From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.
(Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Home, a home thrust; V. i. 59
Honorificabilitudinitatibus, a word often cited as a typical long word, V. i. 42.
Horn-book, leaf of paper containing

alphabet, &c., protected by a thin layer of horn or other transparent substance; applied also to an *a b c* tablet without horn; V. i. 46.



From a specimen (*temp. Charles I.*) in the Bateman Museum.

Humorous, capricious; III. i. 176.

Imp, youngster; V. ii. 590.

Incision, blood-letting; IV. iii. 96.

Incony, nice, smart; III. i. 135.

Inkle, tape; III. i. 139.

Insanie (Folios and Quartos, infamie), insanity, madness; V. i. 26.

Intellect, signature; IV. ii. 136.

Inward, confidential; V. i. 96.

It, used with general reference to a plural substantive preceding; I. i. 23.

Jaques (dissyllabic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare); II. i. 42.

Joan, common designation for a peasant girl; III. i. 206.

Judas was hang'd on an elder; V. ii. 608. (See illustration.)

Lady-smocks, probably the flowers of the *Cardamine Pratensis*, so called from the resemblance of its flowers to little smocks hung out to dry; or perhaps the name is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock"; V. ii. 898.

Lances, lancers; V. ii. 644.

Last, continue, remain, "I. love," i.e. "continue to be love"; V. ii. 806.

L'envoy, often used at this period with the article or pronoun prefixed, hence "thy l'envoy"; III. i. 73.

Libbard's, leopard's; V. ii. 549.

Lie, lodge; I. i. 149.

Liver-vein, the style and manner of men in love; IV. iii. 73.

'Long of, owing to; II. i. 119.



From an early black-letter edition of Maundeville's *Travels*.

Juvenal, juvenile, youth (used by Armado); I. ii. 8.

Keel, to cool by stirring, or perhaps to scum the pot in order to keep it from boiling over; V. ii. 923.

Kersey, a coarse woollen stuff; V. ii. 413.

Kingly-poor (not hyphenated in Folios and Quartos); "K. flout" = (?) "poor mockery of a king," or "poor mockery given with the airs of royalty"; ("poor-looking," "poor kingly," have been suggested); V. ii. 269.

Loose, losing of the shaft; V. ii. 744.

"Lord have mercy on us," the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected with the plague; V. ii. 419.

Loves, affects; IV. iii. 357.

Magnificent, pompous; III. i. 179.

Mail, bag (the Quartos and Folio read: "in the male"; Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation "in them all" has been adopted by many editors); III. i. 74.

- Malmsey*, a kind of sweet wine; V. ii. 233.
- Manage*, government, training (of horses); V. ii. 482.
- Manager*, one who wields arms; I. ii. 182.
- Manner*, a law term (=mainour); "taken with the m.," i.e. "taken with the thing stolen upon him"; I. i. 205.
- Mantuan*, Giovanni Battista Spagnoli, named Mantuanus, was the author of certain eclogues written in Latin, which were read in schools; Holofernes quotes the first line of the first eclogue; IV. ii. 96.
- Margent*, margin (an allusion to the custom of writing notes in the margin of books); II. i. 246.
- Market*, "he ended the market," alluding to the proverb, "three women and a goose make a market;" III. i. 110.
- Mean*, tenor; V. ii. 328.
- Measure*, a stately dance; V. ii. 187.
- Mere*, absolute; I. i. 149.
- Mess*, a set of four; "at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours"; IV. iii. 206.
- Mete at*, to measure with the eye in aiming, to aim at; IV. i. 134.
- Matheglin*, a drink made of honey and water fermented; V. ii. 233.
- Minstrelsy*, the office of a minstrel; I. i. 177.
- Misprision*, misapprehension; IV. iii. 97.
- Monarcho*, the name of a fantastic Italian resident in London; often alluded to by contemporary writers; IV. i. 101.
- Native*, produced by nature; I. ii. 105.
- New-fangled*, delighting in novelty; I. i. 106.
- Nice*, coy; V. ii. 219.
- Nit*, applied to anything very small; IV. i. 150.
- Novi hominem*, etc. ("I know the man as well I do you"), a well-known sentence in the Latin phrase-books; V. i. 10.
- Novum*, a game at dice, "properly called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five"; "abate throw at n." = "except in a throw at novum, the whole world could not furnish five such"; V. ii. 545.
- O'erparted*, overweighted in his part, or rôle; V. ii. 586.
- Of*, during; I. i. 43.
- Opinion*, self-conceit; V. i. 6.
- O's*, the marks left by the small-pox; V. ii. 45.
- Parcel*, company, party; V. ii. 160.
- Paritors*, apparitors, i.e. inferior officers of the bishop's court, whose duty it was to serve citations; III. i. 187.
- Parle*, parley; V. ii. 122.
- Passado*, thrust in fencing; I. ii. 179.
- Passion*, grieve; I. i. 263.
- Passion's*, sorrow's; V. ii. 118.
- Patch*, used with a quibble on "patch" in the sense of fool; IV. ii. 32.
- Pathetical*, seemingly used by Armado and Costard in the sense of "pleasing in a high degree," "touching"; I. ii. 97; IV. i. 150.
- Pedant*, pedagogue; III. i. 178.
- Penance*, misused by Dull; I. ii. 128.
- Pencils*, small brushes used by painters to lay on colour; "ware pencils" = "beware of pencils," i.e. "of drawing likenesses"; V. ii. 43.
- Penthouse-like*, hanging over like a penthouse, a porch with a sloping roof; III. i. 17. (Cp. *Flat penthouse-like*.)
- Peremptory*, unawed, bold; IV. iii. 225.

Perjure, perjurer; (perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offence); IV. iii. 47.

Perttaunt-like, *vide* Note.

Phantasme, a fantastic; IV. i. 101.

Pia mater, the membrane which covers the brain, used for the brain itself; IV. ii. 71.

Picked, over-refined; V. i. 14.

Pied, variegated; V. ii. 897.

Pin, the wooden pin that upheld the clout; IV. i. 138.

Pitched a toil, set a net; IV. iii. 2.

Plackets, stomachers, or petticoats, or some portion of female attire; III. i. 185.

Please-man, pickthank; V. ii. 463.

Point, suggest; II. i. 245.

Point, used with a quibble on the French negative particle; II. i. 190.

Point-devise, over exact, precise; V. i. 19.

Pole, the long quarter-staff, in the use of which the northerners were skilful; V. ii. 693.

Pomewater, a kind of apple; IV. ii. 4.

Present, document to be presented; IV. iii. 188.

Pricket, a buck of the second year; IV. ii. 12.

Print, "in p." *i.e.* "accurately"; III. i. 172.

Priscian, "P. a little scratched," alluding to the common phrase *diminuas Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin; V. i. 29.

Prisons up (Folios and Quartos "poisons up"), confines; "up" used as an intensive particle; IV. iii. 304.

Proceeded, used with a play upon "proceed" as an academical sense, *i.e.* "to take a degree"; I. i. 95.

Pruning, adorning; IV. iii. 182.

Push-pin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately; IV. iii. 168.

Qualm, probably used with a play upon "calm"; V. ii. 279.

Quillets, casuistries; IV. iii. 287.

Quote, regard; V. ii. 788.

Raught, reached; IV. ii. 41.

Reasons, arguments; V. i. 2.

Remember, "r. thy courtesy," a common phrase of the time, bidding a person who had courteously taken off his hat to put it on again; V. i. 97.

Repasture, repast, food; IV. i. 95.

Resolve, answer; II. i. 110.

Respects, considerations; V. ii. 784.

Rhetoric, II. i. 229.

Russet, homespun (commonly of russet colour); V. ii. 413.

Saint Denis, the patron saint of France; V. ii. 87.

Salve, ointment; III. i. 73; used perhaps with a quibble on Latin *salve*, a word of greeting, and sometimes also a parting salutation; III. i. 82.

Satis quod sufficit, "enough's as good as a feast"; V. i. 1.

Saw, maxim; V. ii. 925.

Self-sovereignty, "not a sovereignty over but in themselves"; or perhaps one should read "that self-sovereignty," *i.e.* "that self-same s."; IV. i. 36.

Set, *i.e.* a set at tennis; "to bandy" (*cp.* "well-banded both")=to send the ball to and fro; V. ii. 29.

Several (used quibblingly)=an enclosed field, the private property of an individual, as opposed to a common, which was used by the public generally; II. i. 223.

Shapeless, unshapely, ugly; V. ii. 303.

Shrewd, mischievous; V. ii. 12.

Shrows, shrews; V. ii. 46.

Significant, symbol (used by Armado); III. i. 130.

Simplicity, silliness; V. ii. 78.

Sit out, not to take part (an expression derived from the card-table); I. i. 110.

Skipping, frivolous, flighty; V. ii. 763.

Slop (the Quartos and Folios "shop," corrected by Theobald), usually used only in the plural = large loose trousers; IV. iii. 58.

Small, the small of the leg; V. ii. 641.

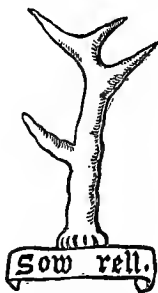
Snapping, snipping; I. i. 100.

Snuff, used equivocally for (1) the wick of a candle, and (2) a huff expressed by a snuffing of the nose, resentment; "to take in snuff" = "to take offence"; V. ii. 22.

Solemnised; II. i. 42.

Sore, a deer of the fourth year; IV. ii. 59.

Sorel, a deer of the third year; IV. ii. 61.



From a late MS. of the "Master of the Game," in the British Museum (Bibl. Reg. 17A. lv.).

Sorted, associated; I. i. 260.

Spleen, sudden impulse; fit of laughter; V. ii. 117.

Squier, square, foot-rule; "to know my lady's foot" = "to know her humours exactly"; V. ii. 474.

Stand, used technically for hunter's station; IV. i. 10.

Staple, thread, pile; V. i. 19.

State, attitude; IV. iii. 184.

States, estates; V. ii. 425.

Statute-caps, woollen caps, which by Act of Parliament in 1571 were worn by the citizens of London on Sundays and holidays; V. ii. 281.



From Foxe's *Ecclesiastical History* (1576).

Stoop, (?) crooked, or perhaps used as a substantive; IV. iii. 88.

Sue, used equivocally for (1) to prosecute, and (2) to beg, entreat; V. ii. 427.

Suggested, tempted; V. ii. 772.

Suggestions, temptations; I. i. 159.

Suitor, spelt "shooter" in the Folios and Quartos, for the sake of the quibble; IV. i. 110.

Swoond (spelt "sound" in old eds.), swoon; V. ii. 392.

Taffeta, a rich, smooth stuff of silk (perhaps used for the ladies' masks); V. ii. 159.

Talent, used quibblingly with a play upon "talon"; IV. ii. 65.

Teen, grief; IV. iii. 164.

Tharborough = thirdborough constable; I. i. 185.

Thin-belly; "t. doublet," opposed to "great-bellied doublet," the lean belly being characteristic of a man in love; III. i. 19.

Thrasonical, boastful (derived from the character of Thraso in Terence's *Eunuchus*); V. i. 13.

Three-piled, superfine; V. ii. 407.

Tired, attired, clothed in trappings; IV. ii. 130.

To, compared to; II. i. 63.

Toy, trifle; IV. iii. 200.

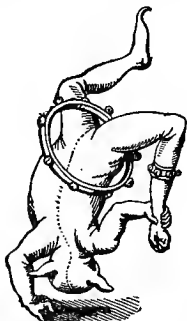
Trencher-knight, serving-man; V. ii. 464.

Treys, threes (as in dice and card-playing); V. ii. 232.

Triumvirie, triumvirate; IV. iii. 52.

Trojan, Trojan (used often as a term of contempt); V. ii. 636.

Tumbler's hoop (*cp.* accompanying illustration); III. i. 189.



From a print by H. Cock (1565), after a design by Breughel.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iii. 211.

Tyburn, the usual place of execution



From an old black-letter ballad entitled "The Royall Subjects Warning-Piece to all Traytors."

in London; "*the shape of Love's Tyburn*," alluding to the triangular form of the gallows (here illustrated); IV. iii. 53.

Unconfirmed, ignorant; IV. ii. 19.

Unhappy, roguish; V. ii. 12.

Unpeeled, (the reading of Q. 1; the Folios "unpeopled"), stripped, desolate; II. i. 88.

Usurping, counterfeit, false; IV. iii. 258.

Vailing, letting fall; V. ii. 297.

Veal; used by way of punning as the pronunciation of "well" among Dutchmen (*i.e.* Germans); according to others the word alluded to is "Viel," in the phrase "zu viel" (too much), but this seems doubtful; the joke occurs elsewhere, with a play upon "well"; V. ii. 247.

Venue, a single hit; a fencing term; V. i. 58.

Via, an Italian adverb of encouragement; used here probably for *di via*, (*i.e.* "say on," "speak out!"); V. i. 150.

Volable (Folios, Q. 1, *voluble*), nimble-witted; III. i. 67.

Ward, guard; III. i. 133.

Ware, beware of; V. ii. 43.

Wax, grow (with a quibble on "sealing-wax"), alluding to previous line; V. ii. 10.

Week; "he were but in by the week," a cant phrase, probably derived from the hiring of servants, = if I had him at my command; if he were deep in love; V. ii. 61.

Weigh, used equivocally for (1) to be equivalent to in weight, and (2) to care for; V. ii. 26, 27.

Well advised, sane, in right mind; V. ii. 434.

Whale's bone (i.e. whale's bone), the tooth of the walrus; V. ii. 332.

Where, whereas; II. i. 103.

Whitely (Quartos and early Folios "whitly"), misspelling of "wightly," i.e. "wimble"; (Rosaline was a brunette, and the strange epithet "whitely" seems inappropriate); III. i. 197.

Wimpled, blindfolded; III. i. 180.

Wink, to shut the eyes; I. i. 43.

Wit-old, used with a quibble on "wittol" (= a cuckold); V. i. 62.

Woodcocks, fools; the woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became the emblem of stupidity; IV. iii. 81.

Woolward, with the wool next to the skin; V. ii. 710.

Wort, a sweet unfermented beer; V. ii. 233.

Wreathed, folded; IV. iii. 134.

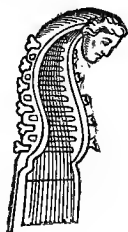
Ycliped, yclept (introduced for a play upon "clipt"); V. ii. 600.

Tears, "in years" = "into wrinkles"; V. ii. 465.

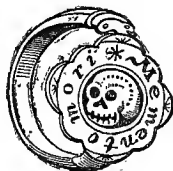
Zany, buffoon; V. ii. 463.

Zenelophon (so the Folios or Quartos; the name in the old ballad is "Penelophon," which is the form substituted here in many editions); IV. i. 65.

'A Cittern head'; V. ii. 614. 'The head of a bodkin'; 'A Death's face in a ring'; 'The carved-bone face on a flask.'



(a)



(c)



(d)



(b)

(a) Cittern head, from Mersenne's *Harmonie Universelle* (1636).

(b) Bodkin, from a specimen found in a Roman cemetery at Mayence.

(c) Ring, from a specimen belonging to the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

(d) Flask, from a specimen belonging to M. Sauvageot (Paris).

Notes.

There is no list of 'Dramatis Personæ' in the Quartos and Folios: it should be remembered that 'Biron' is spelt 'Berowne,' rhyming with 'moon' in Act IV. iii. 232; 'Moth' was probably pronounced 'Mote' (*cp.* the quibble on 'nothing' in *Much Ado*, II. iii. 59, and on 'Goths' in *As You Like It*, III. iii. 9); 'Mercade' is generally 'Marcade'; 'Armado' is sometimes given as 'Armatho'; 'Boyet' rhymes with 'debt' in V. ii. 334; 'Longaville' with 'ill' in IV. iii. 123, and with 'mile' in V. ii. 53.

I. i. 62. '*feast*'; Quartos and Folios '*fast*,' corrected by Theobald.

I. i. 82. '*Who dazling so*'; "that when he dazler, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his head, his direction or lodestar, and give him light that was blinded by it" (Johnson).

I. i. 104. '*Any abortive*,' the reading of the Quartos and Folios; probably an error for 'an,' as corrected by Pope.

I. i. 106. '*shows*'; Theobald substituted '*earth*' for the sake of the rhyme; Walker proposed '*mirth*.' Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 104.

I. i. 108-109. '*So you to study . . . little gate*'; this is one of the instances where the reading of the first Quarto is better than that of the Folio:—

*'So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe o're the house to unlocke the gate.'*

Various emendations have been proposed; the only real difficulty is in the loose use of the word '*so*.' Biron says that he likes of each thing that in season grows; '*so*' presupposes, however, some statement to this effect; 'to wish for, or to do, a thing out of season is huge folly'; *so* you, now that it is too late to study, climb o'er the house, &c.).

I. i. 185. '*Tharborough*'; the reading of the Quarto '*farborough*' probably gives us Dull's actual pronunciation of his office.

I. i. 196. '*heaven*,' so Quartos and Folios. Theobald proposed '*having*'; whatever may be the exact force of the phrase, it seems most probable that '*heaven*' is the right word, and no emendation is necessary.

I. ii. 89. '*A green wit*'; a probable allusion, according to the Cam-

bridge editors, to the 'green withes' with which Samson was bound (*cp.* note *supra* on pronunciation of 'Moth').

I. ii. 109. The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

II. i. 45. 'Well fitted in arts'; the second Folio inserts 'the,' omitted in the earlier editions.

II. i. 114-128. The speakers in Quarto 1 are 'Berowne' and 'Katharine.'

II. i. 129. Shakespeare may have got a hint for this passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, according to which Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships for the Duchy of Nemours and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns (*vide Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, Part I. Vol. i.).

II. i. 238. 'Impatient to speak and not see,' i.e. 'not able to endure merely the faculty of speech without that of sight.'

III. i. 21. 'It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety' (Steevens).

IV. i. 1-4. These lines, as Spedding pointed out, were most probably introduced in the corrected copy. "It was thus that Shakespeare learnt to shade off his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage."

IV. i. 146. 'Armado o' th' one side'; the reading is due to Rowe; the first Quarto has 'Armatho ath toothen side,' and the Folio 'Armathor ath to the side.' Possibly the whole passage from 'O my troth . . . nit' should have been printed in the previous scene, after line 136, and some editors make the transposition.

IV. ii. 42. 'The allusion holds in the exchange,' i.e. 'the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when I use the name of Cain.'

IV. ii. 62. 'one sorel'; the first Quarto has 'o sorell,' and the Folios 'O sorell'; Capell proposed 'O sore L,' which is generally adopted.

IV. ii. 98-99. The first Quarto and Folio give the following reading:—

'Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche';

the reading adopted by the Cambridge editors is from Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591), whence Shakespeare probably took it.

IV. ii. 122. 'apostrophas'; this is taken by some editors to refer to the apostrophes in *vow'd* and *bow'd* (ll. 109, 111), and the words are accordingly printed '*vow'd*' and '*bow'd*'; this interpretation seems unsatisfactory, but so far nothing better has been advanced. Does not Holo-

fernes' criticism bear directly on the last line of the canzonet? Nathaniel should have read:—

'That singes heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.'

It was usual to mark *es* with two dots when sounded: Holofernes may mean by '*apostrophas*,' '*diæreses*.' The poem is printed with a few variant readings (e.g. '*to sing*') in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, where also are found ll. 59-72 and ll. 100-119 of the next scene, also with some interesting points of difference.

IV. iii. 15, 16. '*melancholy*'; it is noteworthy that Quartos and Folios read *mallichollie*; this form may have been due to the author; it explains Mistress Quickly's *allicholly*. *Mallicholly* seems to be an authentic Middle English form of the word; it should perhaps be retained in the text.

IV. iii. 107. '*Wish*,' so the Quartos and first Folio; in the *Passionate Pilgrim* '*wish'd*'; similarly in line 112 '*thorn*' is due to the version printed in *England's Helicon*: the other editions read '*throne*.' Rowe first proposed the change.

IV. iii. 141. The second Folio omits *one*. Walker's suggestion '*One's*' makes the line rhythmic.

IV. iii. 145. '*Faith infringed*,' the reading of the Quartos and the Folio; '*faith so infringed*' seems the most satisfactory emendation proposed.

IV. iii. 165. '*a gnat*,' perhaps alluding to the fact that it sings, as it flies. Biron refers probably to the King's sonnets.

IV. iii. 175. '*men like you, men of inconstancy*'; S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1, Quarto 2: *men, like men of inconstancy*.

IV. iii. 247. '*wood*'; Quartos and Folios read '*word*.'

IV. iii. 254. '*Suit of night*'; the early editions '*school*'; '*scorwl*,' '*stole*,' '*soul*,' '*scroll*,' '*seal*,' '*shade*,' have been proposed by various scholars; most probably, as the Cambridge editors suggest, '*school*' is an error for '*shoote*,' i.e. *suit*, though they retain the former reading.

IV. iii. 300. '*prisons*'; Theobald's emendation of '*poysons*.' Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 29. In Quarto and Folio the line reads:—

'Bome boon for boon priscian, a little scratcht 'twil serve.'

V. i. 127. Capell proposed '*or*' for '*and*'; the passage is evidently corrupt.

V. ii. 67. '*perttaunt-like*'; this word is the *crux* of the play: the early editions read '*pertaunt-like*' and '*pertaunt-like*.' Theobald reads '*pedant-like*,' and other editors suggest '*portent-like*,' '*pageant-like*,' '*potently*,' '*persaunt-like*.' It is perhaps worth while suggesting that the phrase (*tant*) *pour tant* (*quasi* '*tit for tat*') perhaps underlies the word: it may well have been used in some game: Mr Marshall quotes *pur Tant* from a

poetical description of an old game, but no explanation has as yet been advanced.

V. ii. 332. 'To show his teeth as white as *whal's bone*'; Cambridge Edition, '*whale's bone*'; this should certainly be printed *whal's bone*, the regular name for walrus tusk in old English.

V. ii. 338. '*Madman*,' possibly an error for '*man*,' '*mad*' being due to '*madam*' in the next line.

V. ii. 565, 566. According to Plutarch, Alexander's head had a twist towards the left; he states also that Alexander's skin had 'a marvellous good savour.'

V. ii. 578. '*Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close stool*;' the arms of Alexander. (See illustration and *cp.* Frontispiece to this play.)

V. ii. 591. '*Canis*'; '*canus*' in the old editions, required for the sake of the rhyme.

V. ii. 739. '*a nimble*'; Theobald's correction of '*humble*.' (Quartos and Folios.)

V. ii. 742-743. The meaning of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be that 'the latest minute of the hour (*cp.* line 797) often fashions or moulds all causes or questions to the purposes of his speed, that is, to his own intents'; 'the extreme parts are the end parts, '*extremities*'—as, of our body, fingers; of chains, the final links; of given portions of time, the last of those units into which we choose to divide them.' Observe '*forms*' for '*form*' by attraction of '*time*.' In the next lines the metaphor is derived from archery.

V. ii. 754. '*Double*'; so Quartos and Folios; many modern editors adopt '*dull*' from the Collier MS.

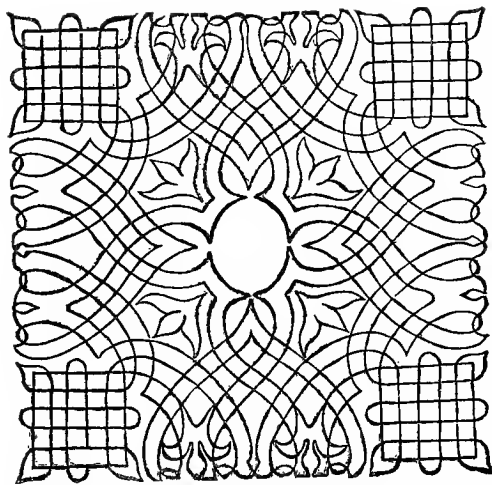
V. ii. 765. '*Strange*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*straying*,' possibly merely a variant spelling of '*strange*.'

V. ii. 878. '*Jack hath not Jill*,' *cp.* *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 461:—

"Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill:
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."



From the *Roman des neuf preux*
(Abbeyville, 1487).



Plan of an Elizabethan '*Curious Knotted Garden*' (I. i. 249).



*Robert Dudley.
Earle of Leicester. (1531-1588.)*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Preface.

The Editions. Two Quarto editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* appeared in the year 1600:—

(i.) *A Midsummer night's dreame. As it hath been sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulede at his shoppe, at the signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete.* 1600.

(ii.) An edition with the same title, bearing the name of '*James Roberts*' instead of '*Thomas Fisher*.'

These editions are styled respectively the First and Second Quartos; the Second was probably a pirated reprint of Fisher's, but the differences between them are unimportant, and though the First must be considered the authoritative text, both copies are remarkably accurate, when compared with other Quartos.

The First Folio version of the play was printed from the Second Quarto, with a few slight and unimportant changes, and with some careless errors.

The Date of Composition. The only positive piece of external evidence for the date of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is its mention by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Various attempts have been made to fix the occasion for which the play was originally written. Lord Southampton's marriage with Elizabeth Vernon has been proposed by some, but this did not take place till 1598; others maintain that the occasion was the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Sidney, the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, in 1590; there is, however, absolutely no authority for the statement, and the probabilities are strongly opposed to the supposition.

The most valuable internal indication of the date of composition is perhaps to be found in Act v. i. 52-55:—

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.
This is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.*

We have most likely in these lines a reference to the death of Robert Greene, '*utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister*,' the novelist and dramatist, whose *Groatsworth of Wit* contained his well-known attack on 'the onely Shake-scene in a country'; in this pamphlet Greene spoke as the very representative of 'Learning,' and sounded the alarm of the scholar-poets at the triumphs of the 'unlearned' players in general, and of one 'upstart crow' in particular. Greene died in degraded beggary in the autumn of 1592. The phrase '*the thrice three Muses*' was in all likelihood suggested by Spenser's *Tears of the Muses* (published in 1591), in which the nine Muses severally bewail the neglect of scholars,—one of many similar laments to be found in Elizabethan literature (*cp. e.g.* the lines at the end of the first sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*). The words '*late deceas'd*' would, according to this interpretation, fix the date of composition at about 1592-3.

On the other hand, it is maintained that Titania's description of the disastrous state of the weather (II. i. 88-117) points directly to the wretched summer of the year 1594; various contemporary accounts have come down to us of that terrible year, all of them recalling Shakespeare's words:—

'A colder time in world was never seene :
The skies do loure, the sun and moone wax dim ;
Summer scarce knowe, but that the leaves are greene.
The winter's waste drives water ore the brim ;
Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim ;'
—CHURCHYARD'S *Charitie*, 1595.

[*cp.* Forman's *Diary* (1564-1602); Stowe's *Chronicle*, under the year 1594; Dr King's *Lectures upon Jonas delivered at Yorke in the year of our Lorde 1594.*]

The general characteristics of the play lead to nothing very definite as far as its date is concerned; the rhyme-test is obviously no criterion, for the comedy is intentionally lyrical; but the blank-verse, with its paucity of double-endings and general regularity, the carefully elaborated plan and symmetrical arrangement of the plot, the comparative absence of real characterisation, the many reminiscences of country life, the

buoyancy of its tone, all these elements manifestly connect *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the group of early 'love plays,'—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, and it may reasonably be placed between this group and the play to which they all seem to serve as preparatory efforts, the love-tragedy of '*Romeo and Juliet*,'—i.e. about the years 1593-1595. In all probability it passed through various revisions before its appearance as we have it in the First Quarto.

The Sources. (i.) Shakespeare may well have evolved *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*,* to which he is obviously indebted for many elements. The general framework of the play—viz., the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta, must have been suggested by the *Tale*; but Shakespeare ingeniously opens the '*Dream*' before the marriage, so that this event may round off the whole play; Chaucer introduces us to the pair at their home-coming after the marriage. In the '*Tale*' we have Palamon and Arcite rivals for the hand of Emelië; in obedience to the symmetrical plan of Shakespeare's early plots, these give place to two pairs of lovers, with their more complex story of crossed love; Emelië in fact resolves herself into Helena and Hermia. They are indeed "two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

The great gods of Olympus, who busy themselves so actively with the destinies of the lovers in the '*Tale*,' are represented in the '*Dream*' by their mediæval representatives, by Oberon, Titania, and their ministering sprites.

In the '*Tale*,' as in the '*Dream*,' we have the same allusions to the rites of May, and the same 'musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction.' Shakespeare has, however, wisely dispensed with the cumbersome machinery of the '*Tale*'—cumbersome from the theatrical point of view—viz., the dungeons, tournaments, &c. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* should be read in order to understand how weak a drama results from the actual dramatisation of Chaucer's story of Palamon and Arcite.†

The secret of the transformation of *The Knight's Tale* into *A Midsummer Night's Dream* may perhaps be partially understood, if we consider the

* Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* amounts to very little,—a few names and allusions; to these attention is called in the notes.

† I cannot bring myself to believe that there is a line of Shakespeare's in this unequal performance; it is specially interesting to note that the authors of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* must have known that the '*Dream*' represented Shakespeare's version of the '*Tale*.'

task that Shakespeare seems to have set himself,—the task of satisfying all the requirements of a 'Court drama' without departing from his own ideas of Romantic Comedy. The essential elements of such a play as Lyly's *Endymion*,—the spectacular machinery, the mythological agencies, the love-story, the comical interlude, the complimentary allusions to the Queen, direct or allegorical,—all these find a place in Shakespeare's *Dream*.

(ii.) Popular tradition, derived from Teutonic and Celtic paganism, together with quasi-classical and romantic lore, are the main sources of Shakespeare's fairy mythology.* Oberon, the fairy king, found a place in English dramatic literature † before Shakespeare re-created him; he may be traced back to the Charlemagne romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, translated from the French by Lord Berners about 1534 (*cp. Early English Text Society, Extra Series*, ed. S. Lee, Nos. 40, 41, 43, 50). 'Oberon,' in reality identical with the famous dwarf 'Alberich' of the *Nibelungen Lied*, dwells with all his fairy subjects in a forest on the way to Babylon, and the splendour of his equipment has a truly oriental colouring; similarly Shakespeare associates his 'fairy-land' with the East—'the farthest steep of India.'

'Titania' (taken from Ovid, *Metam.* IV. 346, where it is applied to Diana), illustrates the belief current at the time that the fairies were identical with the classical nymphs, and that Diana was their queen.‡ Titania's more popular title was 'Queen Mab.'

In Chancer's *Merchant's Tale* the Fairy-King and Fairy-Queen are styled *Pluto* and *Proserpina*; possibly Shakespeare was indebted to Chancer's *Tale* for the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, and for the Fairy-King's interest in a pair of mortals:—

' *Pluto that is King of Faerië,
And many a lady in his companië
Following his wife, the Queen Proserpina
Dame, quod this Pluto, be no longer wroth,
I am king, it sit me not to lië.
And I, quoth she, am Queen of Faerië,
Let us no morë wordës of it make.*

* N.B. 'Fairy' properly signifies merely 'enchantment,' or the state of being like a *fay*; *fée*, with its various cognates in other Romance languages is derived from a low Latin *fata*, 'a goddess of destiny,' really a plural of *fatum*, treated as a feminine singular. The application of this term to the 'elves' of Teutonic mythology is in itself instructive.

† In Greene's *James IV.* where he figures as 'Oboram, King of the Fayeries'; (*cp. The Fairy Queen*, Bk. ii., Cant. i., Sts. 6, 75).

‡ King James I. in his *Demonologie* points out that Diana was 'amongst us called the Phairee.'

(It should be borne in mind that Spenser's *Faerie Queene* was published in 1590.)

The characteristics of 'Puck,' Oberon's jester, ('thou *lob* of spirits, *i.e.* clown,' II. 1-16) may all have been derived from popular tradition; the name was probably of Celtic origin, a generic term for 'sprite or goblin,' but it is found in English before the Conquest, and very early in Scandinavian and other dialects. The mischief-loving sprite was generally known as 'Robin Goodfellow' in English, and 'Knecht Ruprecht' in German. (On the Fairy-lore, *cp.* Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare Society Publication, 1845, where among other illustrative texts 'The Mad Pranks and Merry Jest of Robin Goodfellow' (printed 1628) will be found *in extenso*; also Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*; *cp.* Jonson's *Mask of Oberon*, Drayton's *Nymphidia*, Milton's *L'Allegro*, (100-114).)

(iii.) It is significant that in Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale*, to which allusion has already been made, occur the following lines:—

'O noble Ovide, soth sayest thou, God wot,
What sleight is it if love be long and hote,
That he will find it out in some manere?
By Pyramus and Thisbe may men lere;
Though they were kept ful long and strict over all,
They ben accorded, rowming through a wall,' etc.*

Perhaps these lines suggested to Shakespeare the subject of his burlesque interlude, introduced into this play much in the same way as the 'Nine Worthies' in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Various poems, ballads, and perhaps mumming plays on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe were probably known to Shakespeare, though his immediate source seems to have been Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where the story is told (iv. 55-166).

A commonplace-book of the beginning of the seventeenth century belonging to the British Museum (Additional MSS. 15227) contains a short play entitled "*Tragedia miserrima Pyrami et Thisbes Fata enuncians [Historia ex Publio Ovidio deprompta] Authore N.R.*" A few lines from these brief 'tedious' scenes will serve to show how easily the subject lends itself to burlesque:—

"What shall I doe? I know not what to doe.
Where shall I runne, oh runne? I cannot goe.
Where shall I goe, oh goe? I cannot stirre."

* Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon* was certainly read by Shakespeare, though its influence cannot be detected in the play.

Among Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584) there is 'A New Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbe,' which occasionally reminds one of Shakespeare's parody.

[*"Narcissus, A Twelfth Night Merriment played by Youths of the Parish at the College of S. John the Baptist in Oxford, A.D. 1602 (ed. Margaret Lee; David Nutt, 1893) is a similar burlesque of an Ovidian story.*]

(iv.) 'Oberon's Vision'—the pivot of the play—contains without doubt a complimentary allusion to the Queen. Various explanations have been advanced of the whole passage (II. i. 148-168). In 1843 the Rev. N. J. Halpin published his '*Oberon's Vision in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, illustrated by a comparison with Lyly's Endymion*'—the most ingenious unravelling of this allegorical passage, which is said to refer to the Queen's visit to Kenilworth Castle in July 1575; to the festivities on that occasion; to the ambitious attempts of Leicester ('*Cupid all arm'd,*' Lyly's *Endymion*) to win Elizabeth ('*the cold moon,*' Lyly's *Cynthia*); to his wavering passion for the Countess of Sheffield ('*the earth,*' Lyly's *Tellus*); and finally to his intrigue with Lettice, Countess of Essex ('*a little western flower,*' Lyly's *Floscula*).

Time of Action. The action of the play covers three days, or rather one long night preceded and followed by a day, although Theseus in his opening words tells Hippolyta "*Four happy days*" are to elapse before their nuptial hour. The eventful night of the second day occupies the greater part of the play—viz., Acts II., III., and IV. Sc. 1 (ll. 1-142). The following morning is "*the morn of May*"; "*the Dream*" is really "*a May-Night's Dream,*" but '*Midsummer Eve*'—'*St John's Night,*' with its pagan Bonfires—was especially associated with fairy superstitions and fantastic riotings, and the title suggests little more than '*a very Midsummer madness.*' It is not absolutely necessary, as some scholars maintain, to regard the play as actually written for performance '*on Midsummer-day at Night,*' though such plays were occasionally composed (e.g. Ben Jonson's Fairy Masque '*The Satyr,*' which evidently owes much to Shakespeare).

The idea of a 'dream-drama' was perhaps suggested by Lyly's Prologue to his *Woman in the Moon*, written some ten years before Shakespeare's play:—

*'Remember all is but a poet's dream,
The first he had in Phæbus' holy bower,
But not the last, unless the first displease.'*

But in employing '*the Dream*' as a piece of poetical machinery Shake-

NIGHT'S DREAM

Preface

spere links himself to his mediæval predecessors, whose conventional allegories knew no other medium than that made familiar to them by their favourite '*Romaunt*,'—a device derived by Lorriss from the quaint dream-book to which Chaucer often refers, '*Scipionis Somnium*,' by 'an author hight Macrobes.'

"God turne us ebery dream to good!"



A Pensioner (II. i. 10) of the
time of Elizabeth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *a carpenter*

SNUG, *a joiner.*

BOTTOM, *a weaver.*

FLUTE, *a bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *a tinker.*

STARVELING, *a tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OSBERON, *king of the fairies.*

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*

PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } *fairies*
MOTH, }
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants
on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke ! 20

The. Thanks, good Egeus : what's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander : and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child :
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, 30
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosebags, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness : and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her :
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advised, fair maid :
To you your father should be as a god ;
One that composed your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power 50
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is ;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold.
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts ;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires ;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ; 70
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause ; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would ;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. 90

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia : and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius. *

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ; 100
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,— 120
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta : what cheer, my love ?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along :
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*]

Lys. How now, my love ! why is your cheek so pale ?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well 130
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me ! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth ;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite ! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eyes. 140

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say ‘ Behold ! ’
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross’d, 150

It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy’s followers.

Lys. A good persuasion : therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;
And she respects me as her only son. 160

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father’s house to-morrow night ;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !

I swear to thee, by Cupid’s strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity of Venus’ doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn’d the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away? 180

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, 190
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 200

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me :
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet ;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow : pray thou for us ; 220
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !
Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Herm.]

Helena, adieu :

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [Exit.]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know :
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
So I, admiring of his qualities :
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste ;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, 240
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere :
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine ;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

Scene II.

The same. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed. 20

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates. 30

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling. 40

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, 50
I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker. 60

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, 70
that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that

they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will 80
aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus ; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely, gentleman-like man : therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ? 90

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the 100
palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight ; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our 'devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse most
obscenely and courageously. Take pains ; be
perfect : adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

110

Bot. Enough ; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere ;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be :

10

In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours :

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone :

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night :

Take heed the queen come not within his sight ;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

20

Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king ;
She never had so sweet a changeling :
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow : are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 40
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale. 50
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh ;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy ? here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone !

*Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train ; from the
other, Titania, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

Tita. What, jealous Oberon ! Fairies, skip hence :
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton : am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady : but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa ? 80

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land, 90
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents :
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock ;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable : 100
The human mortals want their winter here ;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110
Is, as in mockery, set : the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then ; it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest :
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind ;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 130
Following,—her womb then rich with my young
squire,—

Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy ;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania with her Train.]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, 150

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song,

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: 160

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170

Will make or man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love :
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood ;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel : leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? do I speak you fair ?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog ?

210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege ; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night ;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world :
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

220

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed : 230
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger ; bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe

But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: 240

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

[*Exit Dem.*]

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows; 250

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,

Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:

And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fir. Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ; 10
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here ; 20
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Sec. Fairy. Hence, away ! now all is well :
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, *Lysander*: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence !
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it :
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50
Then by your side no bed-room me deny ;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily :
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off ; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant ; and, good night, sweet friend : 60
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
And then end life when I end loyalty !
Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here ? 70
Weeds of Athens he doth wear :

This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid ;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid 80
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid :
So awake when I am gone ;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril : I alone will go. [*Exit.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase :

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies ; 90

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear :

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne ?

But who is here ? Lysander ! on the ground ! 100

Dead ? or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena ! Nature shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword !

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia ? Lord, what
though ?

Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content. 110

Lys. Content with Hermia ! No ; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love :
Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season :
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn ?

Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency ?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you
do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well : perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused ! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there :
And never mayst thou come Lysander near !
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me !
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight ! [Exit.

Her. [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !
Ay me, for pity ! what a dream was here !
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear :
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
Lysander ! what, removed ? Lysander ! lord !
What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?
Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;
Speak, of all loves ! I swoon almost with fear.
No ? then I well perceive you are not nigh :
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? 10

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear. 20

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: 30
to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—‘Ladies,’—or, ‘Fair ladies, 40
—I would wish you,’—or, ‘I would request you,’—or, ‘I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:’ and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby 50
meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the

great chamber window, where we play, open,
and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of 60
thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to dis-
figure, or to present, the person of moonshine.
Then, there is another thing : we must have a
wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and
Thisby, says the story, did talk through the
chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say
you, Bottom ?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall : and let
him have some plaster, or some loam, or some 70
rough-cast about him, to signify wall ; and let
him hold his fingers thus, and through that
cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
down, every mother's son, and rehearse your
parts. Pyramus, you begin : when you have
spoken your speech, enter into that brake : and
so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen ? 80
What, a play toward ! I'll be an auditor ;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. ———odours savours sweet :

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

[*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here.

90

[*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you ; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier.

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never
tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man : why, you must not too speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus : you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter : your cue is past ; it is, 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never
tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted.

Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! Help !

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier :

110

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire :

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of
them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see
on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your
own, do you? [*Exit Snout.* 120

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of
me; to fright me, if they could. But I will
not stir from this place, do what they can: I
will walk up and down here, and I will sing,
that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hne,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true, 130

The wren with little quill;

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my
flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though
he cry 'cuckoo' never so? 140

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that: and yet, to say the truth,
reason and love keep little company together
now-a-days; the more the pity, that some
honest neighbours will not make them friends. 150
Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to
get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go :
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate :
The summer still doth tend upon my state ;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; 160
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustardseed !

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

First Fai. Ready.

Sec. Fai. And I.

Third Fai. And I.

Fourth Fai. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries, 170
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fai. Hail, mortal !

Sec. Fai. Hail ! 180

Third Fai. Hail !

Fourth Fai. Hail !

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily : I beseech
your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
Master Cobweb : if I cut my finger, I shall make
bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman ?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, 190
your mother, and to Master Peascod, your
father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall
desire you of more acquaintance too. Your
name, I beseech you, sir ?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house : I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaint- 200
ance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye ;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit !

What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head :
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly ;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear, 31
And left sweet Pyramus translated there ;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With a love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed. 40

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.

Obe. Stand close : this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50

As he to me: would he have stolen away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease

Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much? 71

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood :

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so : 80

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :

Here therefore for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find :

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,

With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood
dear :

By some illusion see thou bring her here :

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look how I go, 100

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

| | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Puck.</i> | Captain of our fairy band | 110 |
| | Helena is here at hand ; | |
| | And the youth, mistook by me, | |
| | Pleading for a lover's fee. | |
| | Shall we their fond pageant see ? | |
| | Lord, what fools these mortals be ! | |
| <i>Obe.</i> | Stand aside : the noise they make | |
| | Will cause Demetrius to awake. | |
| <i>Puck.</i> | Then will two at once woo one ; | |
| | That must needs be sport alone : | |
| | And those things do best please me | 120 |
| | That befall preposterously. | |

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?
Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's : will you give her o'er ? 130
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :

Your vows to her and me put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow ! 140

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand : O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment :

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too ? 150

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so ;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena :

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision ! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort 160

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;

For you love Hermia ; this you know I know :

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone. 170

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd,

There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.

Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompence. 180

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ? 190

Her. You speak not as you think : it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition; 210
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words. 220

I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come !

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope !

Dem. No, no ; he'll [stay].

Seem to break loose ; take on as you would follow,

But yet come not : you are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent ! 261

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this ?
Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love ! out, tawny Tartar, out !

Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive

A weak bond holds you : I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate ?

Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love !

Am not I Hermia ? are not you Lysander ?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me ; yet since night you left me :

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid !—

In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt ;

Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest 280

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I! I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further : let me go :
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : who is 't that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid ; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd !

She was a vixen when she went to school ;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ! nothing but low and little !

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made ;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone : speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part ; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence : still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes ;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, 360
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ; 380
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,

Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town :
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

[Exit Lysander, as following the voice.]

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled 410
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. *[Lies down.]* Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. *[Sleeps.]*

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not? 421

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 430
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east.
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Puck.

On the ground

Sleep sound :

I'll apply 450

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wakest,

Thou takest

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown : 460

Jack shall have Jill ;

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well. *[Exit.]*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

*The same.**Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.**Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get you 10
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and,
good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do
not fret yourself too much in the action, moun-
sieur; and good monsieur, have a care the
honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have
you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
Where's Monsieur Mustardseed.

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustard- 20
seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good
monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy
about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if
my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet
love? 30

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's
have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to
eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great
desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay,
hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. 40

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me:
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou 50
this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity :
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her ;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes, 60
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child ;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain ; 70
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be ;
See as thou wast wont to see :
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen. 80

Tita. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass ?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now !

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho ! music, such as charmeth sleep !

[*Music, still.*

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes
peep.

Obe. Sound, music ! Come, my queen, take hands with
me, 90

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair prosperity :

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark :

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad, 100

Trip we after night's shade :

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found

With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns winded within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;

For now our observation is perform'd ;
And since we have the vaward of the day, 110
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go :
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. [*Exit an Attend.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves, 120
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, 130
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge when you hear. But, soft ! what nymphs are
these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena .
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day 140
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem.,
Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past :
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies :
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ? 150

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking : but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here ;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither : our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough :
I beg the law, the law, upon his head. 160
They would have stolen away ; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia, 170
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon ;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food ;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 180
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit :
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens ! three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. 190
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him? 200

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I
will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'
Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-
mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's
my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have
had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past 210
the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is
but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.
Methought I was—there is no man can tell what.
Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but
man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say
what methought I had. The eye of man hath
not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive,
nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I
will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this 220
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, be-
cause it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the
latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradven-
ture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing
it at her death. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

*Athens. Quince's house.**Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 20
scaped sixpence a day: an the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom ! O most courageous day ! O most happy hour !

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders : but ask me not what ; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as 30 it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for 40 they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words : away ! go, away ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true : I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic, 10
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy ;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends ! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time ?
Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
What revels are in hand ? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening ?
What masque ? what music ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ? 41

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe :
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

The. [*reads*] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that : that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

[*Reads*] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device ; and it was play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

[*Reads*] The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

[*Reads*] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical ! tedious and brief !

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted :
And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

The. What are they that do play it ?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord ;
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents, -
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, 80
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play ;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in : and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake : 90

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome ; 100
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. *[Flourish of trumpets.]*

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider, then, we come but in despite.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : 120
it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder ; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show ;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain. 130
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, 140
Did scare away, or rather did affright ;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 150
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe,
Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly. 160
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not! 170
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for
this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss !

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me ! 180

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse
again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. ‘Deceiving
me’ is Thisby’s cue : she is to enter now, and I
am to spy her through the wall. You shall
see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she
comes.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me !
My cherry lips have often kiss’d thy stones, 190
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby’s face.
Thisby !

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover’s grace ;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you. 200

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall !

This. I kiss the wall’s hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny’s tomb meet me straightway ?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful
to hear without warning. 210

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of
themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a
lion.

Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here, 221
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, n'am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam ;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I
saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour. 230

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valour cannot carry
his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible 240
within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: would he would change! 250

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here 260
comes *Thisbe*.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines
with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished. 270

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright ;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here !

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear ! 280

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood !

Approach, ye Furies fell !

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ? 290
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound ;
Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus ;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop : [Stabs himself.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, 300

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light ;

Moon, take thy flight : [Exit. Moonshine.

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. 310

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better ; he for a man, God warrant us ; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes. 320

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet :—

- This.* Asleep, my love ?
What, dead, my dove ?
O Pyramus, arise !
Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?
Dead, dead ? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks, 330
Are gone, are gone :
Lovers, make moan :
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk :
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word : 340
Come, trusty sword ;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue : [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends ;
Thus Thisbe ends :
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*
- The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.
Dem. Ay, and Wall too.
Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you ; the wall is down
that parted their fathers. Will it please you to
see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance 350
between two of our company ?
The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no
excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players

are all dead, there need none to be blamed.
Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus
and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would
have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly;
and very notably discharged. But, come, your
Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: 360
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 370
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run 380
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic : not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire :
Every elf and fairy sprite 390
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place. [*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we, 400
Which by us shall blessed be :
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity, 410
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away ; make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day,

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended, 420
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend :
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue, 430
We will make amends ere long ;
Else the Puck a liar call :
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Abridgement, an entertainment to while away the time; V. i. 39.
Aby, pay for; III. ii. 175.
Adamant, loadstone; II. i. 195.



From the early black-letter edition of the
Greate Herball.

Address'd, ready; V. i. 106.
Admirable, to be wondered at; V. i. 27.
Advised; 'be advised' = "consider what you are doing"; I. i. 46.
Against, in preparation for; V. i. 75.
Aggravate; Bottom's blunder for "decrease"; I. ii. 81.
All, fully; II. i. 157.
An, if; I. ii. 50.
An if, if; II. ii. 153.
Antique, strange; V. i. 3.
Approve, prove; II. ii. 68.
Apricocks, apricots; III. i. 169.
Argument, subject of story; III. ii. 242.

Artificial, skilled in art; III. ii. 203.
As, that as; I. i. 42.
Ask, require; I. ii. 24.
Aunt, old dame; II. i. 51.
Austerity, strictness of life; I. i. 90.

Barm, froth, yeast; II. i. 38.
Barren, empty headed; III. ii. 13.
Bated, excepted; I. i. 190.
Beard, the prickles on the ears of corn; II. i. 95.
Belike, very likely; I. i. 130.
Bellows-mender, mender of the bellows of organs; I. ii. 41.
Bergomask dance, a rude clownish dance such as the people of the town Bergamo or of the province Bergamasco were wont to practise. "Bergamo, a town in the Venetian territory, capital of the old province Bergamasco, whose inhabitants used to be ridiculed as clownish"; V. i. 351, 360.
Beteem, accord, permit; I. i. 131.
Bill, list; I. ii. 105.
Blood, passion; I. i. 68; I. i. 74; birth, social rank; I. i. 135.
Bolt, arrow; II. i. 165.
Bootless, in vain, uselessly; II. i. 37.
Bosom, heart; I. i. 27.
Bottle, bundle, truss; IV. i. 37.
Bouncing, imperious; II. i. 70.
Brave touch, noble action; III. ii. 70.
Breath, voice, notes; II. i. 151.
Brief, short statement; V. i. 42.
Brisky, brisk; III. i. 97.
Broach'd, stabbed, spitted; V. i. 147.
Bully, comrade; III. i. 8.
Buskin'd, wearing the buskin, a boot with high heels, worn by hunters and huntresses; II. i. 71.

Canker-blossom, the worm that eats into blossoms; III. ii. 282.
Cankers, worms; II. ii. 3.
Capacity; 'to my c.' i.e. "so far as I am able to understand"; V. i. 105.
Cavalery, cavalero, cavalier; IV. i. 24.
Centaurs; 'battle with the c.' an allusion to the attack made on Hercules by the Centaurs when he was in pursuit of the Erymanthian boar; the battle referred to is not their famous contest with the Lapithæ; V. i. 44.
Chance; "how c." i.e. "how chances it"; I. i. 129.
Changeling, a child substituted by the fairies for the one stolen by them; II. i. 23.
Cheek by joke, i.e. cheek to cheek, side by side; III. ii. 338.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 96; V. i. 293.
Chiding, barking; IV. i. 120.
Childing, productive, fertile; II. i. 112.
Church-way, leading to the church; V. i. 380.
Churl, boor, peasant; II. ii. 78.
Clerk, scholars; V. i. 93.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. ii. 339.
Collied, dark, black; I. i. 145.
Compact, composed, formed; V. i. 8.
Compare with, try to rival; II. ii. 99.
Con, learn by heart; I. ii. 99.
Concern, accord with, befit; I. i. 60.
Condole, probably one of Bottom's blunders, unless perhaps used in the sense of lament; I. ii. 26.
Confusion, ruin; I. i. 149.
Consecrate, consecrated; V. i. 413.
Constancy, consistency; V. i. 26.
Contagious, pestilential; II. i. 90.
Continents, banks; II. i. 92.
Courageous, happy, fortunate; IV. ii. 26.
Coy, fondle; IV. i. 2

Crazed title, a title with a flaw in it; I. i. 92.
Create, created; V. i. 403.
Critical, censorious; V. i. 54.
Cry, pack of hounds; IV. i. 129.
Cupid's flower, the pansy, "love-idleness"; IV. i. 78.
Curst, shrewish; III. ii. 300.
Cut thread and thrum=cut everything, good and bad (vide *Thread* and *Thrum*); V. i. 285.
Dances and delight=delightful dances; II. i. 254.
Darkling, in the dark; II. ii. 86.
Dead, deadly, death-like; III. ii. 57.
Dear expense; a privilege dearly bought; I. i. 249.
Debate, contention; II. i. 116.
Defeated, cheated; IV. i. 162.
Defect, Bottom's blunder for "effect"; III. i. 40.
Derived; 'as well derived'=as well-born; I. i. 99.
Devices, plans, projects; I. ii. 104; performance, V. i. 50.
Dewberries, the fruit of the dewberry bush; III. i. 170.
Dewlap, the loose skin hanging from the throat of cattle; here used for "neck"; II. i. 50; 'dew-lapp'd'; IV. i. 127.
Dian's bud, probably the bud of the Agnus Castus or Chaste-tree; "the vertue of this herbe is that he wyll kepe man and woman chaste"; IV. i. 78.
Discharge, perform; I. ii. 95; IV. ii. 8.
Disfigure, to obliterate; I. i. 51.
Disfigure, Quince's blunder for "figure"; III. i. 61.
Distemperature, disorder of the elements; II. i. 106.
Dole, grief; V. i. 277.
Done; "when all is done,"=when all is said and done; III. i. 16.
Dowager, a widow with a jointure; I. i. 5.

Drawn, with drawn sword; III. ii. 402.

Earthlier happy, happier as regards this world; I. i. 76.

Eat, ate; II. ii. 149.

Eglantine, sweetbriar; II. i. 252.

Egypt; 'brow of E.' = the brow of a gypsy (i.e. an Egyptian); V. i. 11.

Eight and six, alternate verses of four and three feet; the common ballad metre of the time; III. i. 25.

Embarked traders, traders embarked upon the sea; II. i. 127.

Enforced, forced, violated; III. i. 205.

Enough; 'you have enough,' i.e. you have heard enough to convict him; IV. i. 159.

Ercles = *Hercules*, whose twelve labours had often formed the subject of dramatic shows, the hero resembling Herod in his ranting; I. ii. 28.

Erewhile, a little while ago; III. ii. 274.

Estate unto, bestow upon; I. i. 98.

Ever, always; I. i. 150.

Exposition; Bottom's blunder for "disposition"; IV. i. 43.

Extenuate, mitigate, relax; I. i. 120.

Faint, pale; I. i. 215.

Fair, fairness, beauty; I. i. 182.

Fair, kindly; II. i. 199.

Fall, let fall, drop; V. i. 142.

Fancy, love; I. i. 155; IV. i. 168.

Fancy-free, free from the power of love; II. i. 164.

Fancy-sick, sick for love; III. ii. 96.

Favour, features; I. i. 186.

Favours, love-tokens; II. i. 12; nosegays of flowers; IV. i. 53.

Fell; 'passing fell,' extremely angry; II. i. 20.

Fellow, match, equal; IV. i. 38.

Figure, typify; I. i. 237.

Fire, will of the wisp; III. i. 112.

Flew'd, having an overhanging lip on the upper jaw; IV. i. 125.

Floods, waters; II. i. 103.

Flout, mock at; II. ii. 128.

Fond, foolish; II. ii. 88.

For the candle, because of the c.; V. i. 247.

Force, 'of force' = perforce; III. ii. 40.

Fordone, exhausted; V. i. 372.

Forgeries, idle inventions; II. i. 81.

Forth, out of, from; I. i. 164.

For that, because; II. i. 220.

Forty, used as an indefinite number; II. i. 176.

French crown colour, light yellow, the colour of the gold of the French crown; I. ii. 94.

Gallant = "gallantly" (which the Folios read); I. ii. 23.

Garuds, trifles, trinkets; I. i. 33.

Generally, Bottom's blunder for "severally"; I. ii. 2.

Glance at, hint at; II. i. 75.

Gleek, jest, scoff; III. i. 151.

Go about, attempt; IV. i. 211.

Gossip's bowl, originally a christening cup; thence applied to a drink usually prepared for christening feasts; its ingredients were ale, spice, sugar, and roasted crabs (i.e. crab-apples); II. i. 47.

Government, control; 'in government' = under control; V. i. 123.

Grace, favour granted; II. ii. 89.

Grim-look'd, grim-looking; V. i. 169.

Grow to a point, come to the point; I. ii. 10.

Hands, 'give me your hands,' applaud by clapping; V. i. 435.

Head; 'to his head' = to his face; I. i. 106.

Hearts, good fellows; IV. ii. 25.

Helen, a blunder for "Hero"; V. i. 198.

Pelting, paltry; II. i. 91.
Pensioners, retainers; II. i. 10.
Periods, full stops; V. i. 96.
Pert, lively; I. i. 13.
Phibbus=Phœbus; I. ii. 34.
Pilgrimage; 'maiden pilgrimage,' a passing through life unwedded; I. i. 75.
Plain-song, used as an epithet of the cuckoo, with reference to its simple, monotonous note; a "plain-song" is a melody without any variations; III. i. 135.
Points; 'stand upon points,' used quibblingly (1) "mind his stops," and (2) "be over-scrupulous"; V. i. 118.
Possess'd; 'as well possess'd,' possessed of as much wealth; I. i. 100.
Preferred, submitted for approval; IV. ii. 38.
Preposterously, perversely; III. ii. 121.
Presently=immediately; IV. ii. 36.
Prevailment, weight, sway; I. i. 35.
Prey, the act of preying; II. ii. 150.
Princess, paragon, perfection; III. ii. 144.
Privilege, safeguard, protection; II. i. 220.
Procrus, a blunder for "Procris," the wife of Cephalus; V. i. 199, 200.
Prodigious, unnatural; V. i. 409.
Prologue, speaker of the prologue; V. i. 106.
Proper, fine, handsome; I. ii. 85.
Properties; a theatrical term for all the adjuncts of a play, except the scenery and the dresses of the actors; I. ii. 108.
Protest, vow; I. i. 89.
Pumps, low shoes; IV. ii. 36.
Purple-in-grain, dyed deep red; I. ii. 93.
Quail, quell, overpower; V. i. 286.
Quell, kill; V. i. 286.
Quern, a mill for grinding corn by hand; II. i. 36.

Questions, arguings; II. i. 235.

Recorder, a kind of flageolet; V. i. 123.
Rent, rend; III. ii. 215.
Rere-mice, bats; II. ii. 4.
Respect; 'in my r.' i.e. "in my estimation"; II. i. 224.
Respects, regards; I. i. 160.
Right maid, true maid; III. ii. 302.
Ringlets, the circles on the green-sward, supposed to be made by the fairies (*cp Orbs*); II. i. 86.
Ripe, grow ripe; II. ii. 118.
Ripe, ready for presentation; V. i. 42.
Round; 'dance in our r.' a dance in a circle; II. i. 140.



From a woodcut in the Roxburghe collection of ballads.

Roundel, dance in a circle; II. ii. 1.
Run through fire; a proverbial expression signifying "to do impossibilities"; II. ii. 103.
Sad, serious; IV. i. 100.
Sanded, sandy coloured; IV. i. 125.
Savours, scents, fragrance; II. i. 13.

Schooling, instructions; I. i. 116.
Scrip, "scroll," i.e. list of actors;
 I. ii. 3.
Seal, pledge; III. ii. 144.
Seething, heated, excited; V. i. 4.
Self-affairs, my own business; I. i.
 113.
Sensible, capable of feeling; V. i. 181.
Serpent's tongue, i.e. hissing, as a sign
 of disapproval; V. i. 430.
Shafalus, a blunder for "Cephalus,"
 who remained true to his wife
 Procris notwithstanding Aurora's
 love for him; V. i. 199, 200.
Sheen, brightness; II. i. 29.
Shore=shorn; V. i. 338.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 33.
Simpleness, simplicity; V. i. 83.
Sinister, left; V. i. 163.
Sisters three, i.e. the Fates; V. i.
 334.
Sleep, sleeping; IV. i. 152.
Small, in a treble voice like a boy or
 a woman; I. ii. 49.
Snuff, used equivocally; 'to be in
 snuff'="to be offended"; V. i.
 248.
So, in the same manner; IV. i. 125.
Solemnities, nuptial festivities; I. i.
 11.
Solemnly, with due ceremony; IV. i.
 93.
Sooth, truth; II. ii. 129.
Sort, company, crew; III. ii. 13.
Sorting; 'not s. with,' not befitting;
 V. i. 55.
Sphery, star-like; II. ii. 99.
Spleen, sudden passion; I. i. 146.
Split, 'to make all split,' a pro-
 verbial expression used to denote
 violent action; originally used
 by sailors; I. ii. 29.
Spotted, polluted; I. i. 110.
Spring; 'middle summer's spring,' the
 beginning of midsummer; II. i.
 82.
Square, wrangle, squabble; II. i. 30.
Stay=to stay; II. i. 138.
Stealth, stealing away; III. ii. 310.

Steppe (so Quarto 1), probably an
 error for "steep" (the reading of
 the Folios and Quarto 2); hence
 Milton's "Indian steep" (*Comus*,
 139); it is doubtful whether
 Shakespeare was acquainted with
 this Russian term; II. i. 69.
Still, always, ever; I. i. 212.
Stood upon, depended upon; I. i.
 139.
Streak, touch softly; II. i. 257.
Stretch'd, strained; 'extremely s.'
 i.e. "strained to the utmost";
 V. i. 80.
Strings, to tie on false beards with;
 IV. ii. 35.
Superpraise, overpraise; III. ii. 153.
Tartar's bow; the Tartars or Par-
 thians were famous for their skill
 in archery; in the old maps Tary-
 tary included the ancient Parthia;
 III. ii. 101.
Tear; 'to tear a cat in,' a pro-
 verbial phrase=to rant violently;
 I. ii. 29.
Thick-skin, dolt; III. ii. 13.
Thracian singer, i.e. Orpheus; "His
 grief for the loss of Eurydice led
 him to treat with contempt the
 Thracian women, who in revenge
 tore him to pieces under the ex-
 citement of their Bacchanalian
 orgies"; V. i. 49.
Thread, the warp; V. i. 291.
Throws, throws off, sheds; II. i.
 255.
Thrum, the loose end of a weaver's
 warp; V. i. 285.
'Tide, betide; V. i. 204.
Tiring-house, dressing-room; III. i. 4.
Toward, in progress; III. i. 81.
Toys, trifles; 'fairy toys,' fanciful
 tales; V. i. 3.
Trace, traverse; II. i. 25.
Translated, transformed; I. i. 191;
 III. i. 122.
Transported, removed, carried off;
 IV. ii. 4.

Triple Hecate, i.e. ruling in three capacities—as Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell; V. i. 381.

Triumph, public show; I. i. 19.

Troth, truth; II. ii. 36.

Tuneable, tuneful; I. i. 184.

Unbreathed, unexercised; V. i. 74.

Unharden'd, impressionable; I. i. 35.

Upon, by; II. i. 244.

Vantage; 'with vantage,' having the advantage; I. i. 102.

Vaward=vanguard; IV. i. 110

Villagery, a collective word, meaning either (1) village population, or (2) villages; II. i. 35.

Virtue; 'fair virtue's force,' i.e. the power of thy fairness; III. i. 144.

Voice, approval; I. i. 54.

Votaress, a vestal vowed to virginity; II. i. 163.

Wandering knight=knight errant; I. ii. 44.

Want, lack; II. i. 101.

Wanton, luxuriant, thick; II. i. 99.

Wasted, consumed; V. i. 372.

Ways; 'all ways,' in all directions; IV. i. 46.

Weed, robe; II. i. 256.

Where (dissyllabic); II. i. 249.

Where=wherever; IV. i. 157.

Whether (monosyllabic); I. i. 69.

Withering out, delaying the enjoyment of; I. i. 6.

Without, outside of; I. i. 165; beyond the reach of; IV. i. 158.

Wode, mad (with a play upon "wood"); II. i. 192.

Woodbine, honeysuckle; II. i. 251; probably "convolvulus or bindweed"; IV. i. 46.

Worm, serpent; III. ii. 71.

Wrath, wrathful; II. i. 20.

You (ethic dative); I. ii. 81, 82.

NIGHT'S DREAM

Notes.

I. i. 10. 'new-bent'; Rowe's correction of 'now bent,' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. i. 11. 'Philostrate' is the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*; it occurs too in Plutarch's *Lives*, where are to be found also the names, Lysander, and Demetrius.

I. i. 27. The second Folio reads, 'this hath bewitched'; the earlier edition 'this man'; perhaps we should read 'this man hath 'witched.'

I. i. 44. 'our law'; Solon's laws gave a father the power of life and death over his child.

I. i. 159, 160. These lines should perhaps be transposed.

I. i. 167. 'to do observance to a morn of May,' *cp.* *Knight's Tale*, 1500: 'And for to doon his observance to May.'

I. i. 219. 'stranger companies'; Theobald's emendation of 'strange companions,' which is the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 11. 'The most lamentable comedy,' &c. *Cp.* the title of Preston's *Cambyeses*, 'a lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth,' &c.

I. ii. 51. 'Thisne, Thisne,' so the Quartos and Folios; perhaps this spelling was intentional to represent Bottom's attempt to speak the name 'in a monstrous little voice.' The words may, however, be an error for 'thisne, thisne,' i.e. 'in this manner, in this manner,' 'thissen' being used in this sense in various dialects.

II. i. 54, 55. The Quartos and Folios read 'coffe . . . loffe,' for the sake of the rhyme.

II. i. 58. 'room'; probably pronounced as a dissyllable.

II. i. 78. 'Perigenia,' called 'Perigouna' in North's *Plutarch*; she was the daughter of the famous robber Sinnis, by whom Theseus had a son, Menaloppus.

II. i. 79. 'Ægle'; Rowe's correction for 'Eagles' of the Quartos and Folios; probably 'Eagles' was for 'Ægles,' a form due to North's

Plutarch, where it is stated that some think Theseus left Ariadne "because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appear,

*'Æglec the nymph was lov'd of Theseus,
Who was the daughter of Panopeus.'*"

II. i. 80. *Antiopa*, said to be the name of the Amazon queen, and the mother of Hippolytus.

II. i. 231. *'Daphne holds the chase'*; the story tells how Apollo pursued Daphne, who was changed into a laurel-tree as he reached her.



From an early MS. of Maundeville's *Travels*.

II. i. 232. *'the dove pursues the griffin'*; the accompanying illustration of a griffin is from an early MS. of Maundeville's *Travels*.

III. i. 36-47. This was probably suggested by an actual incident which occurred during the Kenilworth festivities, when one Harry Goldingham, who was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back, tore off his disguise, and swore he was none of Arion: (*cp.* Scott's use of this story in *Kenilworth*).

III. i. 54. *'A calendar, a calendar . . . find out moonshine.'* *Cp.* illustration.

III. i. 190. *'Squash,' i.e.* an unripe peascod.

III. ii. 36. *'latch'd'*; the word *'latch'* in this passage, as Prof. Skeat has pointed out, is not connected with the ordinary *'latch,'* 'to catch,' but is etymologically the causal form of *'leak,'* and means 'to cause to drop, to drip.'

III. ii. 119. *'sport alone,' i.e.* 'by itself, without anything else'; others render 'alone' by 'above all things, without a parallel.'

III. ii. 188. *'oes'*; *o* was used for anything round, among other things for circular discs of metal used for ornaments, *cp.* Bacon, Essay xxxvii.: "And Oes, and Spangs, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory."

| | | | | |
|---|---|----------------|-----------|-----|
| Full Moone, the xxvi. day, Monday, at two a clocke and a thirte. in the morning, in Aquari. | | | | |
| xxvi | e | Gill Sleepers. | Pilce. 0 | |
| xxvii | f | Samson Bp. Ho. | Pilce. 15 | □ 8 |
| xxix | g | Felix Bishop. | Pilce. 29 | |
| xxx | a | Abdon & Sen. | Aries 13 | □ h |
| xxxi | b | Germane. | Aries 28 | |

From the *Almanacke* of Walter Gray for 1591.

III. ii. 204. 'needles,' a monosyllable; 'needle' was often spelt 'neeld' in Old English.

III. ii. 212-214. "Helena says, 'we had two seeming bodies but one heart.' She then exemplifies her position by a simile—'we had two of the first, i.e. bodies, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which, like our single heart, have but one crest.'"

III. ii. 257. 'No, no; he'll stay.' The Cambridge Edition 'No, no; he'll . . . seem'; the first Quarto 'hee' seem'; the second 'he'l seem'; the first Folio 'No, no, Sir, seem.' The passage is clearly corrupt in the old editions. Mr Orson ingeniously suggests:—

"No, no, sir; still
Seeme to breake loose,"

'hee' being an easy misreading of 'stille.' The present editor has added 'stay' as a mere conjecture.

III. ii. 379. 'Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.' Cp. the accompanying illustration.



From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*.

IV. i. 31. 'a reasonable good ear in music'; weavers were supposed to be fond of music, more especially of psalm-singing; cp. 1 Henry IV, II. iv., 146, 'I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms.'

IV. i. 46. 'So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle'; commonly 'woodbine' is identical with 'honeysuckle,' but it is also used by Elizabethans for 'convolvulus' and 'ivy.' Shakespeare, however, uses the word in two other passages (II. i. 251 and 'Much Ado,' III. i. 30) in the sense of 'honeysuckle'; hence Warburton suggested:—

'So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist the maple, ivy so, &c.

Johnson thought that '*woodbine*' was the plant, and '*honeysuckle*' the flower. These suggestions are not satisfactory: the simplest way out of the difficulty is to take '*woodbine*' as equivalent to '*convolvulus*' or '*bindweed*'; *cp.* Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight* :—

'behold!
How the blue bindweed doth itself infold
With honeysuckle.'

IV. i. 78. '*Dian's bud*'; it has been thought that perhaps '*Dian's bud*' = '*Diana's rose*,' 'the rose of England's Virgin Queen'; '*Diana's Rose*' is actually used in this complimentary sense in Greene's *Friar Bacon*.

IV. i. 87. '*Than common sleep*,' &c.; the Quartos and first two Folios read '*sleep: of all these, fine the sense*'; the correction is Theobald's.

IV. i. 95. '*prosperity*'; so the first Quarto; the second and Folios '*posterity*.'

IV. i. 121. '*fountains*'; perhaps an error for '*mountains*.'

V. i. 47. '*my kinsman Hercules*'; *cp.* North's *Plutarch, Life of Theseus*: "they (Theseus and Hercules) were near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side."

V. i. 54. '*critical*,' i.e. 'censorious,' as in the well-known utterance of Iago, '*I am nothing, if not critical*' (*Othello*, II. i. 120).

V. i. 59. '*wondrous strange snow*'; '*strange*' is hardly the epithet one would expect, and various emendations have been suggested :—'*strange black*,' '*strong snow*,' '*swarthy snow*,' '*sable-snow*,' '*and, wondrous strange! yet snow*.' Perhaps the most plausible conjecture is Mr S. W. Orson's '*wondrous flaming snow*,' *cp.* "What strange fits be these, Philautus, that burne thee with such a heat, that thou shakest for cold, and all thy body in a shivering sweat, in a flaming ice, melteth like wax and hardeneth like the adamant" (Lyly's *Euphues*, ed. Arber, p. 311).

V. i. 91. '*And what poor duty*,' &c.; Coleridge proposed :—

'And what poor duty cannot do, yet would,
Noble respect takes it,' &c.

The metre is defective as the lines stand. Theobald read '*poor willing duty . . . Noble respect*.' The meaning is sufficiently clear, and recalls *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 516, '*That sport best pleases that doth least know how*,' &c. *Takes it in might* = 'regards the ability or effort of the performance.'

V. i. 106. '*the Prologue is address'd*'; i.e. the speaker of the p. is ready.



From a woodcut in the *Antigone* of G. P. Trapolini (Padua, 1581).

V. i. 118. '*stand upon points*'; Quince's punctuation reminds one of the reading of Roister Doister's letter to Mistress Constance in the old comedy (*cp. Roister Doister*, iii. 3).

V. i. 139. '*name*'; as there is no rhyme to *name*, the loss of a line is to be inferred, or perhaps we should read '*which by name Lion hight*.'

V. i. 163. '*And this the cranny is.*' *Cp. the following illustration.*

V. i. 207. '*mural down*'; the Quartos read '*Moon used*'; the Folios '*morall downe*'; the emendation '*mural*' was due to Pope.

V. i. 224. '*n'am lion fell*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*am lion fell*,' i.e. a fierce lion, but Snug wishes to say 'he is not a lion,' wherefore the words have been hyphenated by most modern editors, including the Cambridge Edition '*lion-fell*,' i.e. 'a lion's skin.' Johnson understood '*neither*' before '*a lion fell*'; Rowe read '*No lion fell*.'

I am strongly inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote '*n'am*,' an archaic form, like *nill* (i.e. *ne will*). In Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* the following couplet occurs, remarkably suggestive of our text:—

*"I n'am a man, as some do think I am;
(Laugh not good lord), I am indeede a dame."*

Considering Gascoigne's intimate connection with the Kenilworth Festi-



From a Dutch drama on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe (Amsterdam, 1640).

vities a strong case could be made out for the theory that Snug's couplet is a direct parody of the lines in the *Steele Glas*.



From a seal affixed to a deed dated 1335.

V. i. 256-8. 'I, the man i' the moon; this thornbush my thornbush; and this dog my dog.' Cp. illustration.

V. i. 269, 270. Spedding proposed to invert these lines.

V. i. 273. 'gleams'; the Quartos and Folio 1 read 'beams'; Folio 2 'streams.'

V. i. 319, 320. 'he for a man—God bless us,' omitted in the Folios, probably in consequence of the statute of James I. forbidding profane speaking, or use of 'the holy name of God.'

V. i. 322. 'means,' changed by Theobald to 'moans.' 'Mean' in the sense of 'to lament,' an archaic form, is really more correct than 'moan,' and probably intentionally used by Shakespeare to harmonise with the archaisms of the interlude.

V. i. 370. 'behowls'; Theobald's emendation of 'beholds' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 387. 'I am sent with broom before.' Cp. illustration.

V. i. 393. 'this ditty'; Johnson supposes that two songs are lost, one led by Titania, and one by Oberon.

V. i. 417, 418. These lines should obviously be transposed in order to make sense of the passage.



From a woodcut in the *Mad Prankes* (of Robin Good-fellow), 1628.

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